

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

## Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1031.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1836.

PRICE 8d.  
Stamped Edition, 9d.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Astoria; or, Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains.* By Washington Irving, author of "The Sketch Book." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1836. Bentley.

THE history of America is the history of the wildest adventure. From the time that the daring Genoese launched his lonely vessel on a sea that had, till then, been pathless, and discovered a new, more magnificent world, the annals of America have retained, as it were, the impression given by the first heroic discovery. Its records are those of individual enterprise. There is a strange contrast in the chronicles of the old and of the new world. The spirit of the old was that of conquest—the spirit of the new has been commerce. The great changes, both of the classical and of the chivalric eras, were brought about by its conquerors. The Athenian became the Macedonian supremacy, till merged in the Macedonian, which again gave way to the Roman, by the power of the sword. The Roman yielded to the Gothic; the Gothic, to the Saxon; the Saxon, to the Norman: and the first centuries of Europe were shaken by the contest between the crescent and the cross. Gradually the space narrowed, and provinces, not kingdoms, became the martial stake. But from the fields of Cressy and Poitiers to the thirty years' war in Germany, on again to the Napoleon avatar terminated by Waterloo, our national inscriptions have been carved by the sword. Without undervaluing the blessings of peace, we cannot but think that the advantages of war have scarcely received their full portion of justice at the present day. We forget that good and evil are inextricably blended in this world; and while we give eloquent pictures of the horrors attendant on the fiercely contested campaign, we neglect to allow its benefits in the main. Conquest has been the great means of civilisation; it has been the stimulus to many of our most extraordinary scientific discoveries; and, we firmly believe, that its moral influence has been beneficial. Danger is the most useful ingredient in forming either national or individual character. It calls forth resources, whose exercise teaches a man to respect himself. The military system, too, was based on subordination, so needful for the many; and inculcated admiration, the genial element of our highest and noblest qualities. It would make an interesting essay—one shewing the civic benefits conferred by conquerors. From *Magna Charta* to Napoleon, the view would be a striking one. The history of America is in complete opposition to that of Europe: it would seem as if nature delighted in developing an opposite principle, and disdained to repeat herself on her new theatre. America has been the world of commercial speculation: this first discovered her vast continents; and this has peopled her dusky forests, and made her huge rivers resound with human activity. Around whom hang her earliest traditions?—not around the silver-shielded warriors of the classics—nor the steel-clad knights of chivalry; but around single and daring wanderers—half-hunter, half-trader. With Ame-

rica commenced the reign of the actual, but—for this dreaming and transitory life can never be made wholly material—touched with the intellectual and the romantic. Both need cultivation on the transatlantic soil; where the tendency to calculation leads to selfishness, requiring that counteraction only to be found in the imaginative qualities. We must elevate our humanity, by the ideal; and the ideal is the union of the spiritual and the lovely. The blind man received his sight as the apostles passed through the gate, which is called the Beautiful. Were it only on this principle, we should rejoice to see a man like Washington Irving gathering together the dim traditions, and the fast perishing morals of his native land. On no country will the influence of a past be more beneficial than on America. To look back is poetry; and what is poetry, but a keen perception of, and a deep sympathy with, the intellectual and the lovely? Now, both of these are needed to give the highest and noblest direction to the aims of the all-active and energetic present. The volumes now before us are a portion of American history; such were the first steps of her future greatness. Those steps were first traced by individuals with the axe in one hand, the rifle in the other, and the fur of beaver as their object. Yet, in pursuit of that object, what dangers were braved!—what difficulties surmounted!—and what a noble foundation of courage and of endurance was laid for the formation of national character! It is most curious to observe the slight origin of the most important results. Fur becomes a fashion—some followed beauty discovers that the satin mantle is incomplete without sables—luxury is made a necessity—and, in its pursuit, a nation is formed—and a whole history enacted of perseverance, daring, and skill. We are always glad to welcome a work of Washington Irving's; he was the first who came into our critical camp with an olive branch. We thank him that his merits allowed that cordial appreciation, which alone could shew the transatlantic adventurer how prompt would be his welcome from the British public. It is with deep regret, that we ever see allusions made to jealousies which ought not to exist. Our literary intercourse has done more to efface this unkindly feeling than any thing else. To admire together is a strong bond of union: but the general has somewhat diverted us from the individual subject, and we must now begin with *Astoria*. It is the name of a settlement, called after Mr. Astor, the first projector of the American fur-trade, whose history is written from original journals, letters, and other documents. Such is the interesting material which Irving has worked up in his usual finished and dramatic style. Our reviewing office is a sinecure: we may take any passage that comes first, secure that it will be one of curiosity or adventure.

*Anecdote of Mr. Astor.*—"An instance of this buoyant confidence, which no doubt aided to produce the success it anticipated, we have from the lips of Mr. A. himself. While yet almost a stranger in the city, and in very narrow circumstances, he passed by where a row of

houses had just been erected in Broadway, and which, from the superior style of their architecture, were the talk and boast of the city. 'I'll build, one day or other, a greater house than any of these, in this very street,' said he to himself. He has accomplished his prediction."

*The Canadian Voyageurs.*—"The dress of these people is generally half-civilised, half-savage. They wear a capot, or surcoat, made of a blanket, a striped cotton shirt, cloth trousers, or leathern leggings, moccasins of deer-skin, and a belt of variegated worsted, from which are suspended the knife, tobacco-pouch, and other implements. Their language is of the same piebald character, being a French patois, embroidered with Indian and English words and phrases. The lives of the voyageurs are passed in wild and extensive roving, in the service of individuals, but more especially of the fur-traders. They are generally of French descent, and inherit much of the gaiety and lightness of heart of their ancestors; being full of anecdote and song, and ever ready for the dance. They inherit, too, a fund of civility and complaisance; and, instead of that hardness and grossness which men in laborious life are apt to indulge towards each other, they are mutually obliging and accommodating; interchanging kind offices, yielding each other assistance and comfort in every emergency, and using the familiar appellations of 'cousin' and 'brother' when there is in fact no relationship. Their natural good-will is probably heightened by a community of adventure and hardship in their precarious and wandering life. No men are more submissive to their leaders and employers, more capable of enduring hardship, or more good-humoured under privations. Never are they so happy as when on long and rough expeditions, toiling up rivers, or coasting lakes; encamping at night on the borders, gossiping round their fires, and bivouacking in the open air. They are dexterous boatmen, vigorous and adroit with the oar and paddle, and will row from morning unto night without a murmur. The steersman often sings an old traditional French song, with some regular burden in which they all join, keeping time with their oars: if at any time they flag in spirits, or relax in exertion, it is but necessary to strike up a song of the kind to put them all in fresh spirits and activity. The Canadian waters are vocal with these little French *chansons*, that have been echoed from mouth to mouth, and transmitted from father to son, from the earliest days of the colony; and it has a pleasing effect, in a still, golden summer evening, to see a batteau gliding across the bosom of a lake, and dipping its oars to the cadence of these quaint old ditties, or sweeping along, in full chorus, on a bright sunny morning, down the transparent current of one of the Canadian rivers. But we are talking of things that are fast fading away! The march of mechanical invention is driving every thing poetical before it. The steam-boats, which are fast dispelling the wildness and romance of our lakes and rivers, and aiding to subdue the world into commonplace, are proving as fatal to the race of the Canadian voyageurs as they have been to that of the

boatmen on the Mississippi. Their glory is departed! They are no longer the lords of our internal seas, and the great navigators of the wilderness. Some of them may still occasionally be seen coasting the lower lakes with their frail barks, and pitching their camps and lighting their fires upon the shores; but their range is fast contracting to those remote waters and shallow and obstructed rivers unvisited by the steam-boat. In the course of years they will gradually disappear; their songs will die away like the echoes they once awakened, and the Canadian voyageurs will become a forgotten race, or remembered, like their associates, the Indians, among the poetical images of past times, and as themes for local and romantic associations."

*The Loss of the Tonquin.*—"In the morning, great numbers of the natives came off in their canoes to trade, headed by two sons of Wiccanish. As they brought abundance of sea-otter skins, and there was every appearance of a brisk trade, Captain Thorn did not wait for the return of Mr. McKay, but spread out his wares upon the deck, making a tempting display of blankets, cloths, knives, beads, and fish-hooks, expecting a prompt and profitable sale. The Indians, however, were not so eager and simple as he had supposed, having learned the art of bargaining and the value of merchandise from the casual traders along the coast. They were guided, too, by a shrewd old chief, named Nookamis, who had grown gray in traffic with New England skippers, and prided himself upon his acuteness. His opinion seemed to regulate the market. When Captain Thorn made what he considered a liberal offer for an otter-skin, the wily old Indian treated it with scorn, and asked more than double. His comrades all took their cue from him, and not an otter-skin was to be had at a reasonable rate. The old fellow, however, overshot his mark, and mistook the character of the man he was treating with. Thorn was a plain, straightforward sailor, who never had two minds nor two prices in his dealings, was deficient in patience and pliancy, and totally wanting in the chicanery of traffic. He had a vast deal of stern but honest pride in his nature, and, moreover, held the whole savage race in sovereign contempt. Abandoning all further attempts, therefore, to bargain with his shuffling customers, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and paced up and down the deck in sullen silence. The cunning old Indian followed him to and fro, holding out a sea-otter skin to him at every turn, and pestering him to trade. Finding other means unavailing, he suddenly changed his tone, and began to jeer and banter him upon the mean prices he offered. This was too much for the patience of the captain, who was never remarkable for relishing a joke, especially when at his own expense. Turning suddenly upon his persecutor, he snatched the proffered otter-skin from his hands, rubbed it in his face, and dismissed him over the side of the ship with no very complimentary application to accelerate his exit. He then kicked the peltries to the right and left about the deck, and broke up the market in the most ignominious manner. Old Nookamis made for shore in a furious passion, in which he was joined by Shewish, one of the sons of Wiccanish, who went off breathing vengeance, and the ship was soon abandoned by the natives. When Mr. McKay returned on board, the interpreter related what had passed, and begged him to prevail upon the captain to make sail, as, from his knowledge of the temper and pride of the people of the place, he was sure

they would resent the indignity offered to one of their chiefs. Mr. McKay, who himself possessed some experience of Indian character, went to the captain, who was still pacing the deck in moody humour, represented the danger to which his hasty act had exposed the vessel, and urged him to weigh anchor. The captain made light of his councils, and pointed to his cannon and fire-arms as a sufficient safeguard against naked savages. Further remonstrances only provoked taunting replies and sharp altercations. The day passed away without any signs of hostility, and at night the captain retired as usual to his cabin, taking no more than the usual precautions. On the following morning, at daybreak, while the captain and Mr. McKay were yet asleep, a canoe came alongside, in which were twenty Indians, commanded by young Shewish. They were unarmed, their aspect and demeanour friendly, and they held up otter-skins, and made signs indicative of a wish to trade. The caution enjoined by Mr. Astor, in respect to the admission of Indians on board of the ship, had been neglected for some time past; and the officer of the watch, perceiving those in the canoe to be without weapons, and having received no orders to the contrary, readily permitted them to mount the deck. Another canoe soon succeeded, the crew of which was likewise admitted. In a little while other canoes came off, and Indians were soon clambering into the vessel on all sides. The officer of the watch now felt alarmed, and called to Captain Thorn and Mr. McKay. By the time they came on deck, it was thronged with Indians. The interpreter noticed to Mr. McKay that many of the natives wore short mantles of skins, and intimated a suspicion that they were secretly armed. Mr. McKay urged the captain to clear the ship, and get under weigh. He again made light of the advice; but the augmented swarm of canoes about the ship, and the numbers still putting off from shore, at length awakened his distrust, and he ordered some of the crew to weigh anchor, while some were sent aloft to make sail. The Indians now offered to trade with the captain on his own terms, prompted, apparently, by the approaching departure of the ship. Accordingly, a hurried trade was commenced. The main articles sought by the savages in barter were knives; as fast as some were supplied they moved off, and others succeeded. By degrees they were thus distributed about the deck, and all with weapons. The anchor was now nearly up, the sails were loose, and the captain, in a loud and peremptory tone, ordered the ship to be cleared. In an instant a signal yell was given: it was echoed on every side, knives and war-clubs were brandished in every direction, and the savages rushed upon their marked victims. The first that fell was Mr. Lewis, the ship's clerk. He was leaning, with folded arm, over a bale of blankets, engaged in bargaining, when he received a deadly stab in the back, and fell down the companionway. Mr. McKay, who was seated on the taffrail, sprang on his feet, but was instantly knocked down with a war-club and flung backwards into the sea, where he was despatched by the women in the canoes. In the mean time, Captain Thorn made desperate fight against fearful odds. He was a powerful as well as resolute man, but he had come upon deck without weapons. Shewish, the young chief, singled him out as his peculiar prey, and rushed upon him at the first outbreak. The captain had barely time to draw a clasp-knife, with one blow of which he laid the young savage at his feet. Several of

the stoutest followers of Shewish now set upon him. He defended himself vigorously, dealing crippling blows to right and left, and strewing the quarter-deck with the slain and wounded. His object was, to fight his way to the cabin, where there were fire-arms; but he was hemmed in with foes, covered with wounds, and faint with loss of blood. For an instant he leaned upon the tiller wheel, when a blow from behind with a war-club felled him to the deck, where he was despatched with knives and thrown overboard. While this was transacting upon the quarter-deck, a chance-medley fight was going on throughout the ship. The crew fought desperately with knives, hand-spears, and whatever weapons they could seize upon in the moment of surprise. They were soon, however, overpowered by numbers, and mercilessly butchered. As to the seven who had been sent aloft to make sail, they contemplated with horror the carnage that was going on below. Being destitute of weapons, they let themselves down by the running rigging, in hopes of getting between decks. One fell in the attempt, and was instantly despatched; another received a death-blow in the back as he was descending; a third, Stephen Weekes, the armourer, was mortally wounded as he was getting down the hatchway. The remaining four made good their retreat into the cabin, where they found Mr. Lewis, still alive, though mortally wounded. Barricading the cabin door, they broke holes through the companionway, and with the muskets and ammunition which were at hand, opened a brisk fire that soon cleared the deck. Thus far the Indian interpreter, from whom these particulars are derived, had been an eye-witness of the deadly conflict. He had taken no part in it, and had been spared by the natives as being of their race. In the confusion of the moment he took refuge with the rest in the canoes. The survivors of the crew now sallied forth, and discharged some of the deck guns, which did great execution among the canoes, and drove all the savages to shore. For the remainder of the day no one ventured to put off to the ship, deterred by the effects of the fire-arms. The night passed away without any further attempt on the part of the natives. When the day dawned, the Tonquin still lay at anchor in the bay, her sails all loose and flapping in the wind, and no one apparently on board of her. After a time, some of the canoes ventured forth to reconnoitre, taking with them the interpreter. They paddled about her, keeping cautiously at a distance, but growing more and more emboldened at seeing her quiet and lifeless. One man, at length, made his appearance on the deck, and was recognised by the interpreter as Mr. Lewis. He made friendly signs, and invited them on board. It was long before they ventured to comply. Those who mounted the deck met with no opposition; no one was to be seen on board: for Mr. Lewis, after inviting them, had disappeared. Other canoes now pressed forward to board the prize; the decks were soon crowded, and the sides covered with clambering savages, all intent on plunder. In the midst of their eagerness and exultation, the ship blew up with a tremendous explosion. Arms, legs, and mutilated bodies were blown into the air, and dreadful havoc was made in the surrounding canoes. The interpreter was in the main chains at the time of the explosion, and was thrown unhurt into the water, where he succeeded in getting into one of the canoes. According to his statement, the bay presented an awful spectacle after the catastrophe. The ship had disappeared, but

the bay was covered with fragments of the wreck, with shattered canoes, and Indians swimming for their lives, or struggling in the agonies of death; while those who had escaped the danger remained aghast and stupefied, or made with frantic panic for the shore. Upwards of a hundred savages were destroyed by the explosion, many more were shockingly mutilated, and for days afterwards the limbs and bodies of the slain were thrown upon the beach. The inhabitants of Newsetee were overwhelmed with consternation at this astounding calamity, which had burst upon them in the very moment of triumph. The warriors sat mute and mournful, while the women filled the air with loud lamentations. Their weeping and wailing, however, was suddenly changed into yells of fury at the sight of four unfortunate white men brought captive into the village. They had been driven on shore in one of the ship's boats, and taken at some distance along the coast. The interpreter was permitted to converse with them. They proved to be the four brave fellows who had made such desperate defence from the cabin. The interpreter gathered from them some of the particulars already related. They told him further, that, after they had beaten off the enemy and cleared the ship, Lewis advised that they should slip the cable and endeavour to get to sea. They declined to take his advice, alleging that the wind set too strongly into the bay, and would drive them on shore. They resolved, as soon as it was dark, to put off quietly in the ship's boat, which they would be enabled to do unperceived, and to coast along back to Astoria. They put their resolution into effect; but Lewis refused to accompany them, being disabled by his wound, hopeless of escape, and determined on a terrible revenge. On the voyage out, he had repeatedly expressed a presentiment that he should die by his own hands; thinking it highly probable that he should be engaged in some contest with the natives, and being resolved, in case of extremity, to commit suicide, rather than be made a prisoner. He now declared his intention to remain on board of the ship until daylight, to decoy as many of the savages on board as possible, then to set fire to the powder-magazine, and terminate his life by a signal act of vengeance. How well he succeeded has been shewn. His companions bade him a melancholy adieu, and set off on their precarious expedition. They strove with might and main to get out of the bay, but found it impossible to weather a point of land, and were at length compelled to take shelter in a small cove, where they hoped to remain concealed until the wind should be more favourable. Exhausted by fatigue and watching, they fell into a sound sleep, and in that state were surprised by the savages. Better had it been for those unfortunate men had they remained with Lewis and shared his heroic death: as it was, they perished in a more painful and protracted manner, being sacrificed by the natives to the *manes* of their friends with all the lingering tortures of savage cruelty."

*Loss of the Trappers.*—"Colter, with the hardihood of a regular trapper, had cast himself loose from the party of Lewis and Clarke in the very heart of the wilderness, and had remained to trap beaver alone on the head waters of the Missouri. Here he fell in with another lonely trapper, like himself, named Potts, and they agreed to keep together. They were in the very region of the terrible Blackfeet, at that time thirsting to revenge the death of their companion, and knew that they had to expect no mercy at their hands. They were obliged to keep concealed all day in the woody

margins of the rivers, setting their traps after nightfall, and taking them up before daybreak. It was running a fearful risk for the sake of a few beavers' skins; but such is the life of a trapper. They were on a branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and had set their traps at night, about six miles up a small river that emptied itself into the fork. Early in the morning they ascended the river in a canoe, to examine the traps. The banks on each side were high and perpendicular, and cast a shade over the stream. As they were softly paddling along, they heard the trampling of many feet upon the banks. Colter immediately gave the alarm of 'Indians!' and was for instant retreat. Potts scoffed at him for being frightened by the trampling of a herd of buffaloes. Colter checked his uneasiness and paddled forward. They had not gone much further when frightful whoops and yells burst forth from each side of the river, and several hundred Indians appeared on either bank. Signs were made to the unfortunate trappers to come on shore. They were obliged to comply. Before they could get out of their canoe, a savage seized the rifle belonging to Potts. Colter sprang on shore, wrested the weapon from the hands of the Indian, and restored it to his companion, who was still in the canoe, and immediately pushed into the stream. There was the sharp twang of a bow, and Potts cried out that he was wounded. Colter urged him to come on shore and submit, as his only chance of life; but the other knew there was no prospect of mercy, and determined to die game. Levelling his rifle, he shot one of the savages dead on the spot. The next moment he fell himself, pierced with innumerable arrows. The vengeance of the savages now turned upon Colter. He was stripped naked, and, having some knowledge of the Blackfoot language, overheard a consultation as to the mode of despatching him, so as to derive the greatest amusement from his death. Some were for setting him up as a mark, and having a trial of skill at his expense. The chief, however, was for nobler sport. He seized Colter by the shoulder, and demanded if he could run fast. The unfortunate trapper was too well acquainted with Indian customs not to comprehend the drift of the question. He knew he was to run for his life, to furnish a kind of human hunt to his persecutors. Though in reality he was noted among his brother hunters for swiftness of foot, he assured the chief that he was a very bad runner. His stratagem gained him some vantage ground. He was led by the chief into the prairie, about four hundred yards from the main body of savages, and then turned loose, to save himself if he could. A tremendous yell let him know that the whole pack of bloodhounds were off in full cry. Colter flew, rather than ran; he was astonished at his own speed; but he had six miles of prairie to traverse before he could reach the Jefferson fork of the Missouri; how could he hope to hold out such a distance with the fearful odds of seven hundred to one against him! The plain, too, abounded with the prickly pear, which wounded his naked feet. Still he fled on, dreading each moment to hear the twang of a bow, and to feel an arrow quivering at his heart. He did not even dare to look round, lest he should lose an inch of that distance on which his life depended. He had run nearly half way across the plain when the sound of pursuit grew somewhat fainter, and he ventured to turn his head. The main body of his pursuers were a considerable distance behind; several of the

faster runners were scattered in the advance; while a swift-footed warrior, armed with a spear, was not more than a hundred yards behind him. Inspired with a new hope, Colter redoubled his exertions, but strained himself to such a degree, that the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and streamed down his breast. He arrived within a mile of the river. The sound of footsteps gathered upon him. A glance behind showed his pursuer within twenty yards, and preparing to launch his spear. Stopping short, he turned round and spread out his arms. The savage, confounded by this sudden action, attempted to stop and to hurl his spear, but fell in the very act. His spear stuck in the ground, and the shaft broke in his hand. Colter plucked up the pointed part, pinned the savage to the earth, and continued his flight. The Indians, as they arrived at their slaughtered companion, stopped to howl over him. Colter made the most of this precious delay, gained the skirt of cotton-wood bordering the river, dashed through it, and plunged into the stream. He swam to a neighbouring island, against the upper end of which the driftwood had lodged in such quantities as to form a natural raft; under this he dived, and swam below water until he succeeded in getting a breathing-place between the floating trunks of trees, whose branches and bushes formed a covert several feet above the level of the water. He had scarcely drawn breath after all his toils, when he heard his pursuers on the river bank, whooping and yelling like so many fiends. They plunged in the river, and swam to the raft. The heart of Colter almost died within him as he saw them, through the chinks of his concealment, passing and repassing, and seeking for him in all directions. They at length gave up the search, and he began to rejoice in his escape, when the idea presented itself that they might set the raft on fire. Here was a new source of horrible apprehension, in which he remained until nightfall. Fortunately, the idea did not suggest itself to the Indians. As soon as it was dark, finding by the silence around that his pursuers had departed, Colter dived again, and came up beyond the raft. He then swam silently down the river for a considerable distance, when he landed, and kept on all night, to get as far off as possible from this dangerous neighbourhood. By daybreak he had gained sufficient distance to relieve him from the terrors of his savage foes; but now new sources of inquietude presented themselves. He was naked and alone, in the midst of an unbounded wilderness; his only chance was to reach a trading post of the Missouri company, situated on a branch of the Yellowstone river. Even should he elude his pursuers, days must elapse before he could reach this post, during which he must traverse immense prairies destitute of shade, his naked body exposed to the burning heat of the sun by day, and the dews and chills of the night season; and his feet lacerated by the thorns of the prickly pear. Though he might see game in abundance around him, he had no means of killing any for his sustenance, and must depend for food upon the roots of the earth. In defiance of these difficulties he pushed resolutely forward, guiding himself in his trackless course by those signs and indications known only to Indians and backwoodmen; and after braving dangers and hardships enough to break down any spirit but that of a western pioneer, arrived safe at the solitary post in question."

*The Return of the Aricaras.*—"It was near noon that a mingled sound of voices and rattle



music, faintly heard from a distance, gave notice, that the procession was on the march. The old men, and such of the squaws as could leave their employments, hastened forth to meet it. In a little while it emerged from behind a hill, and had a wild and picturesque appearance, as it came moving over the summit in measured step, and to the cadence of songs and savage instruments; the warlike standards and trophies flaunting aloft, and the feathers, and paint, and silver ornament of the warriors glaring and glittering in the sunshine. The pageant had really something chivalrous in its arrangement. The Aricaras are divided into several bands, each bearing the name of some animal or bird, as the buffalo, the bear, the dog, the pheasant. The present party consisted of four of these bands; one of which was the dog, the most esteemed in war, being composed of young men under thirty, and noted for prowess. It is engaged on the most desperate occasions. The bands marched in separate bodies under their several leaders. The warriors on foot came first, in platoons of ten or twelve abreast; then the horsemen. Each band bore, as an ensign, a spear or bow decorated with beads, porcupine-quills, and painted feathers. Each bore its trophies of scalps, elevated on poles, their long black locks streaming in the wind. Each was accompanied by its rude music and minstrelsy. In this way the procession extended nearly a quarter of a mile. The warriors were variously armed; some few with guns, others with bows and arrows, and war-clubs; all had shields of buffalo-hide—a kind of defence generally used by the Indians of the open prairies who have not the covert of trees and forests to protect them. They were painted in the most savage style. Some had the stamp of a red hand across their mouths—a sign that they had drunk the life-blood of a foe! As they drew near to the village, the old men and the women began to meet them; and now a scene ensued, that proved the fallacy of the old fable of Indian apathy and stoicism. Parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, met with the most rapturous expressions of joy; while wailings and lamentations were heard from the relatives of the killed and wounded. The procession, however, continued on with slow and measured step, in cadence to the solemn chant, and the warriors maintained their fixed and stern demeanour. Between two of the principal chiefs rode a young warrior, who had distinguished himself in the battle. He was severely wounded, so as with difficulty to keep on his horse; but he preserved a serene and steadfast countenance, as if perfectly unharmed. His mother had heard of his condition. She broke through the throng, and, rushing up, threw her arms around him, and wept aloud. He kept up the spirit and demeanour of a warrior to the last; but expired shortly after he had reached his home. The village was now a scene of the utmost festivity and triumph. The banners, and trophies, and scalps, and painted shields were elevated on poles near the lodges. There were war-feasts, and scalp-dances, with warlike songs and savage music; all the inhabitants were arrayed in their festal dresses: while the old heralds went round from lodge to lodge, promulgating, with loud voices, the events of the battle, and the exploits of the various warriors. Such was the boisterous revelry of the village; but sounds of another kind were heard on the surrounding hills—piteous wailings of the women, who had retired thither to mourn, in darkness and solitude, for those who had fallen in battle. There, the poor mother of the

youthful warrior, who had returned home in triumph but to die, gave full vent to the anguish of a mother's heart. How much does this custom among the Indian women, of repairing to the hill-tops in the night, and pouring forth their wailings for the dead, call to mind the beautiful and affecting passage of Scripture, 'In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not!'"

(To be continued.)

*Gems of Beauty. Displayed in a Series of Twelve Highly Finished Engravings, from Designs by E. T. Parris. With Fanciful Illustrations by the Countess of Blessington.* 4to. London, 1836. Longman and Co.

*Gems of Beauty*, indeed; whether we look to the name or the reality. We must, addressing Lady Blessington in his words who turned praise into poetry, exclaim,

"Enchanting queen, whom every thing becomes."

Last week we had to praise the witty sketches by the woman of the world, quick-sighted to a ridicule, and painting it to the very life; now we have before us the graceful records of another mood—the music, where we had the sparkle. We cannot but admire the tact with which Lady Blessington has managed her subjects—affection, remembrance, and sorrow,—these are the finely twisted links which draw her gems together. But let us place one or two—we were going to say on the toilette—but we mean on the table of our readers:—

"The Sapphire."

Take back! take back these glittering gems!  
I see them but to grieve;  
Oh, dearer far the woodland flowers  
He gave me yester eve!

Those sapphires have a sparkling light  
Like summer's heaven, 'tis true;  
But fairer gifts shall deck my brow,  
Sweet violets gemmed with dew.  
They tell us that this azure stone\*  
O'er great ones' hearts hath power;  
Yet take them back, and let me keep  
His gift,—the simple flower.

Nor tell me of his castles proud;  
For, oh! far more I prize  
The lowly cot I hope to share,  
That in yon valley lies."

"The Turquoise."

Myra. Why droop'st thou, fair sultana?  
A cloud is on thy brow,  
As on that chain of azure  
Thine eye reposes now:  
I've told thee all the legends  
That once could make thee gay;  
I've sung thee all my summer songs:  
Why droop'st thou, lady, say?

Sultana. Alas! this chain of azure  
Did from mine own land come;  
And thy sweet songs, too, waken  
A mournful thought of home:  
Until, as in my slumber,  
That dear lost home I see,  
And hear my mother's blessed voice  
Breathe like a charm o'er me.  
They say the Turquoise changes  
As oft its wearer pines;  
But, see, my gentle Myra,  
How bright this chaplet shines;  
Whilst I, oppressed with sorrow,  
Wear drearily the chain.  
O night! come back with blissful dreams!  
And take me home again!"

The following song would set deliciously to music:—

"Ere close thine eyes in slumber,  
Fair love! I come to seek  
The garland whose young roses  
Are paler than thy cheek."

\* "Anselmus Boetius saith that the sapphire procureth the wearer favour with princes.—*History of Precious Stones.* Thomas Nicols, 1659."

† "Rucus, in his History of Precious Stones, asserts, that the Turquoise becomes pale and discoloured, when the wearer is infirm, or afflicted."

And in exchange I bring thee  
These gems thy waist to bind,  
In which the ancient sages  
Cure for sad hearts did find.  
Good night—May angels guard thee,  
And bless thy slumbers light!  
Dream of thine own Enrico,  
Good night, sweet love!—Good night!"

The whole volume is the prettiest that we have seen; and we hold that any fair bride of the ensuing year ought to hold her *trousseau* incomplete—nay, even disdain her diamonds—unless they come accompanied by the *Gems of Beauty*. In a typographical point of view we may add, that we have never seen a more perfect and graceful specimen of printing.

*The Continent in 1835. Sketches in Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Savoy, and France; including Historical Notices and Statements relative to the existing Aspect of the Protestant Religion in those Countries.* By John Hoppus, M.A. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1836. Saunders and Otley.

Of the new travelling matters in these two volumes, we think there is about as much as might be found in a journey through Piccadilly, Bond Street, Oxford Street, Regent Street, and the Haymarket, by any open-eyed and intelligent perambulator. The ground has been so often traversed, and every sight so variously described, that an author must have a vast fund of originality, which Mr. Hoppus has not, to afford either information or interest respecting Ostend, Bruges, Ghent, Frankfort, &c. &c. &c. to the inquisitive reader. Fancying that he could relieve this commonplace work, the author, after accounting for his attempt, thus speaks of his publishing:—

"It occurred to him, that, by adding some compendious historical notices, connected with the several countries, he might render the publication, in some degree, instructive to young people; and that, by interspersing an ordinary subject with references to that, which, of all others, is the most momentous in its bearing on the welfare of nations and of individuals—the state and progress of religion, his work might not be destitute of a moral use."

We do not think he has been very successful in either case. *Risfamenti* of former history are but book-making in modern travel; and the important subject of the state of religious faiths is too superficially handled to be of much value. The only, and the best extract we can make, as a favourable example of the book, is the following sketch of German writers.

"Towards the close of the eighteenth century, the popular philosophy gave place to the metaphysics of Kant, which aimed at a more profound analysis of the faculties of the human mind: and which, whatever its fundamental defects, had the merit of diffusing in the German universities a spirit of deeper reflection, favourable, in its ultimate tendency, to a reception of the highest religious truths. Its immediate effect, however, on theology, which it brought under its dominion, was to give consolidation to the scattered and disjointed materials of rationalism. Fichte, a disciple of Kant, conceived that his master's system warranted him to infer that there is no necessary relation between the impressions of human consciousness and the reality of things; which dogma Kant had left in uncertainty. Fichte, consequently, denied, with some of the British philosophers, all evidence of the existence of a material world. This new system did little to produce that humility of reason which, as it is the most genuine philosophy, is also essential to a just reception of revealed truth. Schelling, in opposition to the views of Fichte, maintained,



in his 'Nature-Philosophy,' that our knowledge of the correspondence between thought and outward existence rests on an intellectual intuition; and in Germany, where the changes in philosophy have exerted so great an influence on religion, Schelling's system, though of a pantheistic complexion, as identifying the Deity with nature, has, nevertheless, been regarded by some friends of the truth, as leading to a species of reflection ultimately favourable to a transition to the genuine doctrines of Christianity. The views of Jacobi, who died in 1819, were opposed to the critical idealism of Kant, the scientific theory of Fichte, and the pantheism of Schelling. Jacobi founded all knowledge not received by the senses, on belief; which he described to be a sort of internal sense, or the instinct of reason appropriated to truth, of which he considered it the organ. All religious knowledge, therefore, he supposed to be attained by a kind of immediate consciousness. Historical evidence not being thus direct in the information it conveys, Jacobi rejected this proof of religion; limiting himself to the natural revelation of the inner man; and leaving the door open to an unlimited philosophical mysticism, without any test of the truth beyond the impressions of the individual. Connected, in some respects, with this school of the philosophy of sentiment, are Köppen and Salat; and, with greater modifications, Schulze and Herbart. Allied to the Kantian school, are Krug and Fries, the latter of whom symbolised, in a great measure, with Jacobi. Von Eschenmayer and Wagner, whose systems originated in the philosophy of Schelling, became eventually opposed to him, but by speculations not at all less mystical than his own. Hegel, also of the school of Schelling, held a pantheistic system of absolute idealism. This theory contains the seeds of a deep infidelity, which is exemplified in some of Hegel's followers, as in Strauss, author of the 'Leben Jesu.' Among these, there is a disposition to deny the sublime truths of a personal God, a personal immortality, and the resurrection of Christ. Other Hegelists, however, as Göschel, have been led, by their Christian feeling, to attempt to turn this philosophy to account, in favour of the Christianity of the New Testament. The various forms and degrees of rationalism which have prevailed in Germany, from about the middle of the eighteenth century, have all been mixed up more or less with several of these systems of philosophy; and the spirit of daring speculation has made dreadful havoc in every department of theology. Although it is true, indeed, that the absolute infidelity, and the naturalism, in the forms of materialism and pantheism, which have been maintained by some of the philosophers, are not to be confounded with rationalism properly so called; and though we must not charge on the German churches the tenets of those who, as Paalzow or Wünsch, have avowedly followed in the steps of the English free-thinkers; or have symbolised with them by openly advocating natural religion to the exclusion of Christianity, as Bahrdt, Venturini, and the elder Reimarus, author of the attacks on revelation contained in the 'Wolfenbüttel Fragments,' edited by Lessing,—yet it must be admitted that the contact of theology with these infidel speculations has corrupted it, in Germany, to a far greater extent than it was influenced, in England, by our earlier and more celebrated deists. The theological method of dealing with Christianity was, in a great measure, brought into fashion by the speculations of Semler, who is recognised as having led the way to modern rationalism, some of the ad-

herents to which system have gone the length of boldly advocating a decidedly infidel theology. The name, rationalist, or antisupernaturalist, is applied in Germany, in strictness, to those who, while they profess to regard Christianity as a divine institution, and Jesus as the messenger of Providence, sent for the welfare of mankind,—deny that there is any thing in the Scriptures which involves the supernatural or miraculous agency of God, and maintain that Christianity is merely designed to introduce, confirm, and diffuse in the world, a religion to which reason itself might attain. Of this school, though differing in the shades and degrees of their sentiments, have been, among others, the philosophers, Steinbart, Kant, and Krug; and the theologians, Teller, Henke, Thiess, Paulus, Schmidt, Löffler, Röhr, Wegscheider, and Schulthess. De Wette and Hase have held a more modified and sentimental kind of rationalism. The periodical press has also lent its aid to disseminate the poison of scepticism and unbelief, in such journals as the *Allgemeine Kirchenzeitung*, Röhr's *Prediger-Magazin*, and the *Halle'sche Literatur-Zeitung*. Another class of divines receive the Old and New Testaments as a revelation from God, in a higher sense than the rationalists allow; admitting that it may contain things above reason; and regarding it as a depository of divine knowledge, communicated in a mode different from the ordinary course of providence. They do not, therefore, professedly deny the reality of the Scripture miracles; yet they distinguish between the original and the present evidences of Christianity, in a manner which deprives it of the solid basis on which it rests—historical testimony; for they maintain that whatever might be the effect of the miracles which attended Christianity, at the outset, the principal, if not the only proof of its divinity to us, is its internal evidence of truth and goodness. To this school have belonged Döderlein and Morus; and latterly, among others, Von Ammon, Schott, Niemeyer, and Bretschneider. Though divines of this class have differed, in theory, from the rationalists properly so called, it is certain there have been not a few among them who have so far symbolised with the thorough-going rationalistic school, as practically to do away with the essential doctrines of the Christian faith. Amidst the chaos of speculations, theological as well as philosophical, that have inundated Germany, the shades and hues of unbelief have been multiform and various; and where the strictest rationalism has not been avowedly maintained, Christianity has often been employed as little more than a kind of veil to some system of human philosophy. Hence, among this large class, many of whom have termed themselves rational-supernaturalists, and supernatural-rationalists, in distinction from the systematic rationalists, the neologistic innovations have prevailed to such a degree as to produce lamentable effects in lowering the general tone of Christianity."

*Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1837: Ireland.*

By Leitch Ritchie, Esq. 8vo. pp. 264.

London, 1836. Longman and Co.

FROM Russia to Ireland the stride is great; but Mr. Ritchie appears to quite as much advantage in "the Emerald Isle," as he did last year in "the frozen regions of the North." Intentionally avoiding topics of a more serious, and abstract, and disputed kind, he confines himself principally to descriptions of the country, and of the people, their condition, manners, traditions, superstitions, &c. Without, perhaps, much of novelty, he places what is

already pretty generally known in striking and amusing points of view. As the most entertaining and instructive portions of the volume, our exemplifications shall be from his sketches of the character of the inhabitants of various ranks.

Of the Irish gentleman, Mr. Ritchie says:—

"This species is extremely rare; for it would be absurd to count as Irishmen the children of absentees, who are brought up to think of their country merely as the place whence their father draws his revenue. But the real Irish gentleman, when found, is well worth the trouble you may have expended in finding him. He is not a mere walking gentleman. He is full of character; and is, in fact, a sort of highly refined extract of the Irishman. He is as polite as a Frenchman of the old school; but it is not the politeness of manner, but of heart: and this is the secret of his success with the ladies. He is cool and self-possessed, but not grave and apathetic, like the English gentleman. The latter qualities are respectable in a Red Indian, for in him they are associated with ideas of majesty and endurance; but the stoicism with which Mr. Smith enters a drawing-room, and the heroic calmness with which he levels his opera-glass at the stage, are irresistibly ludicrous. They remind one of the tragic air of a monkey cracking nuts. However, Mr. Smith is satisfied with the admiration of American travellers (who ought to know something of the Indian character); and so the little Master Smiths have nothing to fear from the strictures of a vulgarian like me. It would be difficult for the Irish gentleman to acquire this apathy of manner. The laws of good breeding are only just sufficient to keep within reasonable bounds the natural elasticity of his temperament; and thus he hits unconsciously the precise point between gravity and sprightliness, beyond which on one side is frivolity, and on the other dullness. The Irish gentleman is fond of his country, but he makes no parade of it. If a defender is wanted, he is ready; but he has the good taste to feel, that the condition in which Ireland has been so long placed gives a man no warrant to say lightly, or flauntingly, 'I am an Irishman.' Out of Ireland his pleasurable associations are all connected with the Continent. It was there he received a part of his education; he speaks French like a native; he is a cousin of that foreign Irishman, the well-known Count Devilskimbo O'Shaughnessy. He is partial to claret, not because it is foreign, but because it was the favourite drink of his ancestors, in those golden days when claret was the only wine they could afford to drink. He no longer indulges to excess; or, if he does so on any extraordinary occasion, he carries his wine better than formerly, and eschews a row. When he quarrels, it is in cold blood, and in a gentlemanly way; but being a man of courage, and a good shot, this is not half so often as people imagine. The Irish gentleman will by and by become more common in Ireland. At present many individuals of the species are scattered abroad upon the Continent, serving in foreign armies, or otherwise incorporating themselves with foreign nations."

The Irish gentleman is contrasted by the Irish jontleman.

"The Irish jontleman belongs to no station in particular, but is found in all classes, from the nobility downwards. His portrait has been painted by Miss Edgeworth and Lady Morgan; but the female pencil is too delicate in its touch to give features like his in their natural breadth and vulgarity. He has been exhibited, also, on

the stage; but there a cloak of rude generosity is always thrown round him, to conceal those defects without which there can be no likeness. In Ireland, I have said, the vanity of one man is dovetailed into that of his neighbours, the result of which is an easy confidence of manner; but the Irish gentleman stands in bold relief from the plain surface of society. He is not vain, but impudent; and, in this respect, he is the cause of half the prejudices which exist against his nation; for he thrusts himself forward as the Irishman. His brogue is more than Irish, for he cultivates it with great industry. He is not an exaggerator, but a liar; he is not gay, but boisterous; he is not convivial, but drunken. He is a great duellist. You never enter his house but you find him cleaning his pistols, or hammering his flints. On the most careful calculation I have been able to make, there are three hundred and sixty-five duels per annum fought in all Ireland; and of these, three hundred and sixty are fought by the Irish gentleman. Notwithstanding this, he is never killed, or even wounded; the explanation of which is, that he always takes care to fight with a gentleman like himself. The remaining five duels are fought by men of honour under the usual circumstances, and are frequently accommodated in the usual way. In Ireland, although the number of such conflicts is so immense as compared with England or Scotland, there is not a drop more blood expended. The Irish gentleman is a bully, and yet is not absolutely a coward. To serve a friend (that is to say, the person who hires him with money, or drink, or the loan of a horse, or the run of the larder), he will at any time run the risk of being kicked or horsewhipped. He is not a mere bully, however; he is also a flatterer, and a sycophant, and will fawn and crouch like a spaniel. The Irish gentleman stands in special awe of the Irish gentleman. They are, in every respect, the opposites of each other; and, for this reason, you will seldom or never meet with them in the same company. The breed of the Irish gentleman, I have said, grows more common in Ireland; the consequence of which is, that the Irish gentleman begins already to make himself scarce. A change, besides, fatal to the latter, has taken place in the manners of society. At table there is more gaiety and less drunkenness, and people are now unwilling to put up with coarseness and vulgarity for the sake of a good song, or a humorous story. The ladies, too, finding the gentleman more comestable, turn away from the other with disdain; so that, by and by, instead of meeting him as heretofore, in the best houses, you will have to inquire in the low taverns and whisky-cabins, for the Irish gentleman."

Mr. Ritchie proceeds to delineate the fair sex.

"The Irish lady is the sister of the Irish gentleman, and is one of the most fascinating women in the world. She has a lofty brow, fine eyes, and a face altogether more intellectual than that of the English lady; but she has less dignity. In her manner she resembles more the French lady, and is quite as amusing and conversable; but her coquetry has nothing of the heartlessness which confines the fascination of a French beauty to the moment when her eyes are fixed upon yours. The Irish lady has a touch of the enthusiasm of her country, which betrays itself in her whole character. She is either a rake or a devotee—for she scorns a medium. If a devotee, you will know her by a grave, not to say sad expression of countenance; and, as this is not the true character-

istic of devotional feeling, you perceive that she is struggling with the native archness of her disposition, which, notwithstanding, breaks out now and then in a sudden gleam from her deep bright eye. At such moments you turn a saint yourself, and acknowledge, in its full power, the beauty of holiness. If a rake, her face is pale and haggard; for she rakes to excess. She takes to dissipation as men do to drinking. The idea of a quiet solitary evening is frightful to her imagination; she looks about for amusement with feverish anxiety, and bends down her spirit to the level of companions far inferior to that for which nature intended her. The intellectual powers, therefore, of the Irish lady rarely receive fair play. In the country, more especially, her mind labours under a want of books. Few families, of any nation, are wealthy enough to purchase or keep up a sufficing library; and there are only two or three towns in all Ireland in which there is a public one. I am far from denying, however, that there is a good proportion of well-informed women in Ireland; but there ought to be more. Instead of the national brogue, the Irish lady has a certain buoyancy of accent which distinguishes her from all other women. This is the finer part of the Irish character manifested in sound. This accent gives point to the most commonplace saying, and adds brilliancy to wit. To describe a thing so slight, so ethereal, is impossible; but any one who has enjoyed the conversation of an Irish lady of high rank in London, celebrated for her beauty and literary talents, must have felt what it is. Even setting the Irish lady, *par excellence*, out of the question, there is a great deal of character about female society in Ireland; and this is owing to the natural talent and liveliness of the people. We see there very little of the mawkishness which so often overspreads an English party; and are tempted more frequently to distinguish the individuals than satisfied to class them by that insipid, silly, no-meaning designation—*young ladies*."

The pendant to the Irish lady is the Irish leedy.

"The Irish leedy is of the same family as the Irish gentleman, but is a much more amiable person. The grand object of her ambition is to pass for the Irish lady; and this, while it shews much pretension, shews also much taste. She gets rid of her brogue by the rule of contrary: that is to say, instead of substituting, like her mother before her, the open sound of a for that of double e, she turns every thing into double e. The word lady is with her leedy; and she will run after her sister, Grace, calling, 'Greasy, Greasy!' Her accent, however, remains unaltered, notwithstanding this metamorphosis in her pronunciation; and the jumble is splendid! All her attempts to ladyfy herself are of the same nature; her 'vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself, and falls on the other side'; she is a lady by the rule of contrary. Sometimes she tries to do the sentimental, but spoils all with a laugh, that bursts out of her eyes in light and water. Chiding the rudeness of her lover, she complains, sighingly, of her feminine weakness; but, presently, falling into the sentiment of the old song, cries—

'Och, what the divil are you at?—begone, you naughty man!—'

and, may be, hits him a slap on the face. She is much given to laughing, but is also an excellent weeper; and, by the same tokens, her kit consists chiefly of pocket-handkerchiefs. She is 'fond of the army,' and makes an excellent

soldier's wife. In society, she is nothing more than a vulgar Irishwoman, ill dressed in fashionable clothes, hoisterously sentimental, full of affectation and high spirits, and with a touch of generosity in her nature which makes one sorry to laugh at her."

Now for the poorer classes.

"On the road [to Rathdrum], I found the worst description of cottages I had yet met with. They are far less commodious, and indicate less of artifice and ingenuity than the lairs provided for themselves by most of the brutes. In general, they are built against the inner side of the low dike which lines the road; this situation being chosen, I presume, that the wretched building may have at least one wall, almost deserving the name. They have no chimney, and frequently no window; and all the traveller sees to indicate the site of a human habitation, is a small conical heap of dirty straw and mud, arising above the dike like a dungstead. If we consider that the masters of these huts are frequently able-bodied men, absolutely idle for a considerable portion of the year, we must per force conclude, that the lower classes of the Irish are low down, indeed, in the scale of civilisation. In all other European countries, especially in the colder climates, the very poorest of the inhabitants bestow some care upon their dwellings. In England, Belgium, Holland, for example, the care extends even to a certain degree of decoration; in France, and Scotland, and some parts of Germany, where a taste for neatness is not so general in this rank of life, all, at least, is warmth and comfort in the interior."

"I have described, it is true, the worst of the Irish huts; but these worst are very numerous, and the better kind are not much better. All, in fact, exhibit, in a greater or less degree, either a wilful inattention both to appearance and comfort, or a barbarian ignorance of the commonest arts of life. Now, to call the occupants of these hovels, however poor they may be, since they have time and hands, and since their country supplies them with, at least, the raw materials for the work required,—for much might be done with stone and mud alone,—to call them the 'finest peasantry in the world,' must surely be intended for cruel and unnecessary irony. That, in another situation, they would rank among the finest peasantry in the world, I do not deny. That there are the germs in the Irish character of every thing good and noble, I sincerely believe; but these must be relieved from the extraneous load which has so long pressed upon them, and brought out, and developed by moral culture, before the Irish peasantry can take rank with the peasantry of England, Scotland, Belgium, Holland, France, or Germany."

"The all-important question is, what the Irish peasant wants to make him other than he is? and I answer, in a single word, he wants Hope. To say that he wants more political liberty, that he wants the abolition of tithes, that he wants a repeal of the union, is waste of time. If he wanted all these, and fifty things more, that would not compel him to live in a hovel inferior to the lair of a beast of prey, and to walk about his beautiful country the most wretched-looking tatterdemalion in Europe. In England, when a peasant begins the world, friendless and penniless, the mark of his ambition is the next step above him. When he has gained this, he assumes the full dignity of the rank, small as it may be, in raiment, food, and lodging, and fixes his eye

upon the next higher grade. He thinks to be one day the farmer himself, and live in a handsome house, and have a family-pew in the church. These dreams may never be realised; but, resembling in their properties other windy materials, they work beneficially on the human character, raising and expanding it. The peasant unconsciously respects himself, not for what he is, but for what he may be; and, while waiting for the substantial grandeur in store for him, he plants flowers in his little garden, and trellises the walls of his cot with vines. An Irish peasant, on the other hand, feels, and can feel, no such stirrings of ambition. His fortunes are not left to the tide of circumstances. His fate is fixed and immutable. If a labourer, he must starve for a portion of the year, as there are more labourers than employment, and his con-acre is too dear to do more than guarantee that, in return for the time and care he may expend upon it, he shall enjoy a certain number of meals of dry potatoes, according to the extent of the crop. His wages for the year round average only two shillings to two shillings and sixpence a-week. If a cottier, he is little better than a serf, being merely permitted to cultivate as much land, for his own behoof, as will afford him a bare sufficiency of dry potatoes, on condition of his giving up the rest of his time to his master. If a small farmer, he eats his dry potatoes like his neighbours, and hands over the remainder of the produce of his farm to the landlord—generally in part payment of the rent! There are no labourers, as we understand the term in England; the peasants are all landholders; con-acre being a rood, or other small portion of an acre, taken for a single crop. The idea of the possession of land thus involves that of food. Land they must have on any terms; and the very best terms they can obtain leave, in general, after the rent is paid, only a bare and miserable subsistence. But, more frequently, the rent is not paid, and cannot, by possibility, be paid. The object in this case is, to pay as little as possible, to secrete some of the produce which should be given over to the landlord—to steal, as it were, from themselves. But, even this is of no permanent use; for, of course, it cannot be suffered to appear either upon the person or the land. The unfortunate tenant must still clothe himself in rags, and live in a hovel: nay, according to Mr. Bicheno, one of the commissioners for inquiring into the condition of the poorer classes in Ireland, he is liable, when in arrear, to be taken to task by his landlord for eating good potatoes instead of bad. Here the reader, unacquainted with the country, will be ready to exclaim, 'Then the evil lies in the extravagant rent of land!' and he will be astonished to learn, that, with the exception of a few cases, the rent is not only moderate, but low; and that the Irish landlord, supposing him to be paid in full, would draw a much smaller revenue from his estates than the English landlord. It is not the rent that is too great, but the means of cultivation that are too small. With industry, and good management, the present rent would be fully paid, and a large surplus—too large a surplus—left for the tenant. With industry and good management the productiveness of the soil of Ireland might be trebled! If you tell this to the famishing peasant, what is his reply? 'If to work,' says he, gloomily, 'so long as work can be obtained; if to work for sixpence a-day, or even for a monthful of food, be industry, I am industrious. If to support life in myself and my family, and help the wandering beggar on

his way—that way I shall, in all probability, tread one day myself—on nothing more than potatoes and water, be good management, I manage well. Do you talk to me of the niceties of agriculture, who have not wherewith to attempt them? Do you reproach me with spending a chance penny in folly, instead of laying it out upon land, the produce of which does not, and never can, belong to me? Give me a capital to begin with, capable of leaving a surplus, however small, after paying my rent, and supporting my family; and then demand an account of my industry and good management!' This would be so far unanswerable; but, if the theorist should persist in his queries, and, pointing to some miserable hovel, demand, how it was, that, with abundance of time to spare, he did not expend upon his habitation even the care which the beasts of the fields, and the birds of the air, do upon theirs, the reply would be more vague. 'It is good enough for me,' would be the answer of the peasant: 'in a hut like that lived my father before me; and in that hut will my son live after me.' So far in words; but, in the listless expression of the man's face, while speaking, would be read the true explanation—'I have no hope!'

There is much matter, even in these passages, for the real lover of his country to meditate upon: but the whole volume is well deserving of an attentive perusal. Of the charming embellishments, a notice will be found in another part of our Journal.

*Tour of a German Artist in England. With Notices of Private Galleries, and Remarks on the State of Art.* By M. Passavant. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1836. Saunders and Otley.

As a guide to the various private collections of art in this country, these two little volumes will be found useful. They are deformed, however, by numerous blunders. Some of these errors, probably, are in the original (which we have not seen), but it is evident that the greater number of them must be attributed to the translator. Even the typography is singularly incorrect.

M. Passavant appears to have come to the task of considering the past and present state of the arts in England with sadly too scanty materials. Much of his information on the subject has been derived from the verbal communications of others, and much from the exhibition of the current year of his residence in this country. Now, with respect to the first of these sources of knowledge, it is evident that it cannot be implicitly relied upon, especially with reference to contemporary talent, which is always subjected to the attacks of jealousy, in the shape of hint or innuendo; and, with respect to the second, it is manifest that the exhibition of a single year will frequently convey a very inadequate notion of the talents of an individual artist. Of this the manner in which M. Passavant speaks of Danby affords an instance. Again, he says of Mr. Constable, "Speaking of extravagant artists, we may include John Constable, the landscape-painter, whose pieces are usually recognisable by singular showery effects." Then follows a well-known anecdote, which is a sarcasm, not a criticism. Now, we have ourselves, as critics, frequently made very free with Mr. Constable; but we have always felt, and have always expressed our admiration of his great talents. To Mr. Howard, also, Mr. Passavant does inadequate justice, not even mentioning his fine classical performances.

M. Passavant may have, and we dare say has, a very extensive knowledge of ancient art; but he certainly has not shewn much judgment in his opinions of our deceased artists. He prefers Gainsborough to Wilson as a landscape-painter; for, says he, "Wilson's merits consist rather in the exquisite poetry of his conceptions, than in his fidelity to nature, or the beauty of his tones." In another place he observes, "His colouring is at all times hard and chalky." Wilson's colouring hard and chalky! He talks of Banks, the sculptor's, "poverty of style." Did he ever see the "Achilles lamenting the death of Patroclus" in the hall of the British Institution? "Another artist," he observes, "who has disputed the palm with Sir Thomas Lawrence, both in portrait-painting and suavity of manners, was the late George Dawe." Now, it might have been possible to equal, although it certainly was impossible to excel Sir Thomas in suavity of manners: on that point, therefore, we will say nothing; but, when M. Passavant talks of Mr. Dawe as a competitor with the late president in the art, we can only apostrophise him in the words of Hamlet,

"Have you eyes?"

It is not necessary to follow the quotation further, as we have no wish to detract from the merits of the departed. Jackson, too, it appears, according to M. Passavant, had "greater correctness of drawing than Lawrence." Now, drawing was precisely the part of the art in which, from a want of study early in life, that able artist and amiable man, Mr. Jackson, principally failed. Speaking of one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's sweetest compositions, M. Passavant thus characterises it, "'Hope nursed by Love,' a somewhat puzzling allegory!" Puzzling, indeed! But the title of the picture alluded to is "Hope nursing Love;" a very intelligible allegory; probably suggested to the mind of Sir Joshua by an antique gem, or by an emblem by Otho Vennius, with the motto, "Hope nourisheth." Although M. Passavant does justice to the merits and talents of Sir Joshua, he has given more than one depreciating anecdote of him, which we do not believe. A sarcasm of Fuseli upon Northcote is also, in our opinion, improperly introduced into such a work. The talents of Stothard have found favour in M. Passavant's eyes; but not without a heavy drawback. "Who would believe," he observes, "that this fine artist, who had imitated Rubens, and whose ambition had soared to the divine excellence of a Raphael, should degenerate, at last, to the manner of Watteau, whose style of subject he has condescended to imitate?" And who, it may be asked, would not be occasionally fascinated by the brilliant and harmonious colouring of Watteau, and the light gaiety of his subjects?

M. Passavant, it appears, is about to write a *Life of Raphael*; and, in searching after that great painter's works in England, he takes occasion to introduce a general survey of the works of English artists, with Raphael as his standard of comparison. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the style of the English painters, more especially in historical subjects, should be little to his taste. Visiting the studio of Mr. Wilkie, he properly eulogises the picture of "John Knox preaching;" and, in conclusion, is kind enough to say, "In the treatment of the different characters, and in the arrangement of the whole, such a nice distinction between the various parties of that period is preserved, that the composition may



justly assume the rank of a historical picture." Indeed! In a general way, however, the English artists are called "subject-painters;" and, in speaking of their productions, such phrases are used as, "Here the English school peeps out." According to M. Passavant, the requisites are wanting for our attaining any high degree of excellence in the historical department of art. What those requisites are we find in the following passage:—

"Upon the causes for this utter absence of a historical school in England, it may be expedient to offer a few remarks. For the attainment of the higher branches of art, there appear to be two indispensable requisites: the one, that in a people capable of cultivating art, there should exist a self-contemplative thoughtfulness, such as can penetrate into the depths of our spiritual being, and is disposed for the abstraction of those higher studies; in a word, a people imbued with a deeply poetical feeling: the second condition, that a nation thus gifted should have the advantage of liberal and extensive establishments, and thus secure a suitable sphere of action for the nurture and exercise of talent; screened alike from the caprices of private individuals, the varying fashions of a court, and the visionary speculations of artists themselves; in short, that art should not be considered as a thing of a separate nature, but that it should interweave itself with the ties of life, and be employed in adding beauty to its nearest and dearest interests."

Again: "To determine how far, or in what line, the English may now proceed in the development of their now rising school, would be somewhat premature. Enough has already been said to prove that there exist no grounds for anticipating this advancement in the higher walk of art, or even for admitting that the feeling for it is possessed by them."

This is rather a sweeping conclusion; cutting off, as it does, root and branch, even the capabilities of the English school for the attainment of excellence in the higher walks of art. For our part, if what M. Passavant asserts be true, we are at a loss to guess under the influence of what feelings such pictures as the "Regulus," the "Lear," the "Death of General Wolfe," the "Battle of La Hogue," &c. by West, were painted; to say nothing of the genius of Hogarth, the like of which no country has ever produced; or the poetical compositions of a Stothard, no less original and extraordinary. Surely such productions, if not equal to the works of Raphael or Michael Angelo, sufficiently prove the existence of qualities, at least equal to cope with the modern Italian, or German, or French, or any other school in Europe. And we will confidently add, that there is not a style of painting among the first masters of any country, ancient or modern, for which a parallel may not be found in the existing English school; and, in many instances, under the guidance of superior judgment and feeling.

Yet, although there is far too much of haste and hearsay in M. Passavant's book, there are occasional observations and hints that may be useful to artists. There are also hints that may be useful to the community. For instance, we fear there is but too much truth in the following remark:—

"Generally speaking, in all matters where display of wealth is concerned, no Englishman is content with moderate measures: nothing is good enough for him, unless it be the best, and the word 'rich' comprises the highest encomium he can bestow on any object. What a marked

difference we find in the exclamations of the Italians and Germans: with them all is 'beautiful! transcendently or divinely beautiful!' while the more prosaic Englishman, seeing only through the medium of his own riches, christens every thing which strikes him as admirable with this same darling epithet, 'rich.' On all occasions does this term stand his friend; and even the connoisseur will manage to introduce it in his technical examination of a picture."

The following are two good anecdotes:—

"It was at Bowood (the seat of the Marquess of Lansdowne) that we were first initiated into the insolence of the English race of men-servants. We had entered the portico, and my friend so far forgot himself, or rather so far remembered his German good manners, as to take off his hat, and address himself in a friendly tone to the servant. By this civility, he, however, forfeited all claim to respect in the fellow's eyes, who answered very saucily, and desired us to go round to the back door. Fortunately, I was better versed in English usages; and, coming up with a lofty air, and my hat on my head, said, in the appropriate drawl, 'Where's the housekeeper? I have a note from the marchioness.' This altered his tone immediately, and we were properly admitted. As a further instance of the insufferable airs of this class in England, I add another anecdote. A nobleman of the highest rank (an English duke), on visiting the collection of the Duke of Sutherland, put a crown into the servant's hand: 'My lord,' said the man, eyeing the piece with infinite contempt, 'from such noblemen as yourself I am accustomed to receive gold.' The duke pocketed the crown again, adding, 'Tell your master that you'll get neither gold nor silver from me.'"

We have already observed that these volumes are full of blunders. We will specify a few of them, great and small: some of language, but more of fact.

We have "beneath the patronage" for "under the patronage." The plural of *chef-d'œuvre*, a word which, of course, occurs very frequently, is spelt *chef-d'œuvres*, instead of *chefs-d'œuvre*. The Phigalian marbles are ludicrously called "the celebrated fries by Phigalia!" A portrait of George III. is ascribed to Kneller: Kneller died in 1702. The triumphal arch in the Green Park is said to be in Hyde Park, and to be by Decimus Burton, which it is not. M. Passavant speaks of Carlo Dolce as a general favourite of the English. Is he? We doubt it: we are sure he is no particular favourite of our own. He mentions a publication connected with the National Gallery, the merits of which, when its moderate price is considered, we are far from denying; but he seems to know nothing of the beautiful and elaborate work undertaken by an association of our best engravers. M. Passavant does not appear to be aware that the collection of pictures now in the Dulwich Gallery was originally made by Noel Desenfans; at least, not a word is said about it. Denner is classed as a "Dutch" painter; Matsys is transformed into Messys; and poor Jean Mabuse is unsexed, and made a Joan of. A very pardonable error is committed with respect to the milkwoman with the tally, in Hogarth's "Poor Poet": she is described as "the landlady, evidently in no very gentle mood, with a long board of reckoning in her hand." The view of London, at the Colosseum, is said to have been executed by Horner, under the direction of Parris. The reverse was the fact. The panorama of Madras is said to have been executed by Parris, from designs by Daniell. It was

executed conjointly by Parris and Daniell, from sketches by an artist whose name we do not recollect: undoubtedly, however, Mr. Daniell's oriental knowledge contributed much to its truth and beauty. We have heard another version, and we believe the true one, of the story about the Prince Regent, Sir T. Lawrence, and the head of young Napoleon. The prince was offended with Sir Thomas, not for painting the head, for that he had been commissioned to do, but for presuming to have a plate engraved from it, without his royal highness's knowledge. The translator is equally in error in his note respecting the portrait of Gevartius. It was the property of a banker's clerk, in the city, to whom Mr. Angerstein offered three hundred pounds for it, but who refused to take less than five hundred. Some time afterwards, falling unexpectedly into embarrassments, the clerk wrote to Mr. Angerstein, informing him of his situation, and telling him that he was ready to accept three hundred pounds for the picture. Mr. Angerstein's answer enclosed a check for five hundred.\* There are many other inaccuracies, which we have neither time nor space to notice.

*The Oriental Annual for 1837.* By the Rev.

Hobart Caunter, B.D. With Twenty-two Engravings, from Drawings by W. Daniell, R.A. 8vo. pp. 240. London, 1836. Tilt.

IN this volume a new series is commenced, and, instead of the miscellaneous oriental matter of the preceding Annuals under the same name, the editor has commenced a portion of Mahomedan history, such as is comprehended in the lives of Moghul emperors. Fortunately for the lovers of the fine arts, though there is thus a literary change, there is no change in the engravings from the drawings of Mr. Daniell. They remain, as before, splendid monuments of eastern architecture and scenery; and, in the present performance, are aided by pieces of Boutan life and nature, from a congenial pencil—that of Mr. Davis, touched by Mr. Daniell; but whose accuracy and spirit speak sufficiently for the talent of the artist.

The memoirs for this (or next?) year are those of our Tamerlane—Timūr Beg, and Baber, his descendant, who, driven from his native rule, conquered Hindostan. We have, therefore, Asiatic periods of war and legislation, as far as they are developed in the careers of two extraordinary men: the one born in 1336, and the other in 1483. Of the events in which they were principal actors the editor could tell us nothing new, for they are familiar to every reader; but, from his acquaintance with India, he has endeavoured to diversify the narrative by introducing illustrations of modern circumstance. Thus, speaking of Timūr's penetrating to the Cow's Mouth on the Ganges, after a number of victories, Mr. C. says:

"In these hills, the difficulties of Timūr's march were greatly increased by the resolution of the mountaineers, who vigorously opposed his progress. Their fortified castles, built with considerable skill, and, in ordinary cases, a sufficient defence against an invading force, could, however, oppose no successful obstacle to an army like that by which they were now encountered. The state of society was here rude; and the hill-men had been for generations comparatively so seldom molested, that they were not in a condition to contend against such an enemy as the Jagatay monarch. Though, probably, little advancement has been made in their condition as a community since the fourteenth century, some idea may be formed of their

\* Mr. Bryan told us this anecdote many years ago.

attention to the refinements of social comfort by the following description of the rajah's palace in the country of Boutan, which, though not invaded by Timûr, is in the same range of mountains more than once penetrated by his armies. "The palace of Tacissudjon," says Mr. Davis, in his manuscript description of Boutan, "really surprised me by the regularity and grandeur of its appearance, though I had previously conceived a favourable idea of it from similar buildings on the way. It is an oblong, two hundred yards in front, and a hundred in depth, divided within into two squares by a separate building raised in the centre, more lofty and more ornamented than the rest. In the latter, the rajah and some of his principal people reside; and upon the top appears a square gilded turret, said to be the habitation of one of the lamas. One of the squares comprehends the chapel and apartments of the priests, and the other is allotted to the officers and servants of government. There are three stories of apartments, which communicate by handsome verandas continued round the inside of the whole building, and from the middle story communicating by a passage to the rajah's apartments in the centre. From the windows of the upper chambers balconies project, of a size to hold fifteen or twenty persons; but there are no windows below, as they would not contribute to the strength of the place. The walls are of stone and clay, built thick, and with a greater slope inwards than is given to European buildings. The roof has little slope, and is covered with shingles, kept down by large stones placed upon them, in the manner the Portuguese fasten the tiles of their houses in Madeira: it projects considerably beyond the walls. The apartments are spacious, and as well proportioned as any in Europe. The only singularity that strikes at first sight is the ladders instead of stairs; but the steps are broad, and, after a little use, are not found inconvenient. The Bouteas, however, are not ignorant of a more eligible method of ascent; for at one of the two gateways of the palace is a large and well-formed flight of stone steps. The pillars supporting the verandas are of wood, uniform, and painted; but their shape is not such as would please an eye accustomed to better architecture: they swell too much towards the bottom, and have a capital like two long brackets joined together. The ornaments painted upon the pillars and walls are chiefly flowers and dragons, in the Chinese taste; and, as in China, bells are seen hanging from the corners of the roof. It will here occur to the reader, that the Bouteas are of the race of Tartars who conquered and still govern China. The timber used in the palace, and in the ordinary houses, is chiefly fir. Though the beams and smaller parts are joined by mortise and dovetail only, without pins, either of iron or wood, there appears no deficiency of strength and security in the work. Most of the floors in the palace are boarded; and, from the great breadth of some of the planks, we judged the trees to have been of much larger size than any we had met with. They have also floors composed of pebbles, well cemented together. The walls are whitewashed, with a stripe of red all round, a little below the roof. Upon the top of every chapel, or other place where there is an altar and service performed, a small cylinder is placed, five or six feet long, usually covered with white cloth, with a broad ring of red, bordered by two of blue, round the middle of it. Those upon the palace, and other houses belonging to the rajah, are gilt, and become a showy ornament."

This is one of the subjects of which a representation is given by the engraver, from a singularly characteristic and beautiful drawing by Daniell.

Another quotation, from the life of Baber, will suffice to shew how the author has executed this part of his design, to throw novelty into old history, and also to bring the pictures into notice, as connected with the narrative.

"On the 3d of June, 1505, the king's mother died at Cabul. This year was distinguished by dreadful earthquakes, which laid many of the neighbouring cities in ruin. Baber's unwearied exertions to alleviate the distresses of the people obtained for him the firm attachment of his new subjects. He soon subdued the small principality of Ghizny, the government of which he conferred upon his brother, Jehangire Mirza. Though the young king was of a restless and active spirit, his mind was, at times, fully alive to the pleasures of repose. One of his favourite amusements was collecting rare animals of different countries; and of such objects of curiosity, perhaps no country in the world supplies a greater abundance and variety than India. Among the feathered tribe, the fire-pheasant of Java is one of the most deservedly distinguished. It is called the fire-pheasant, from the circumstance of its having upon the back, just above the tail, a mass of feathers of an ardently luminous colour. In some lights this is so bright as to appear like a flame of fire. The darkest tint about the neck and body is of an intense purple, deepening almost into a Prussian blue. This pervades the neck and back, gradually subsiding towards the tail, until it terminates in the flame-colour feathers already mentioned. The tuft on the head is dark blue, but the colour is less intense than that of the back. About the eyes, which are of a deep scarlet, the feathers assume a tint of pale greenish azure. The beak is yellow, blended with brown, and the legs are red. From the tail, two white feathers branch with a graceful curve, terminating in a black circular spot, like the tail-feathers of the peacock. The white streaks upon the body are on a ground of bluish purple, similar in tint to the wings, but not so dark. The bird is about the size of a common dunghill cock. The hen is of a reddish brown, with nothing of splendour in her plumage. Several specimens of this beautiful bird have been sent to England; but every one that I have seen is without the two long tail-feathers; which circumstance has led many members of the Zoological Society to doubt their existence in the living bird. The fact is, that in the island of Java, of which the fire-pheasant is a native, those feathers are so highly valued, that the Javanese invariably pluck them from the bird whenever it is obtained, and sell them at a high price; and, in proportion as they are difficult to procure perfect, they become valuable. This will at once account for the specimens sent to Europe being generally, if not always, without the tail-feathers."

Need we say that a capital print of the bird appears in this place? But we have only now to conclude; which we do with a letter from the emperor to his son and successor, Humaioun, who, a short while before his death, wrote to announce the birth of a daughter. Baber was fond of literature; and his critique, on this interesting occasion, is well worthy of the consideration of all letter-writers, and writers for periodicals:—

"In compliance with my wishes (he observes, in his reply), you have, indeed, written me letters, but you certainly never read them over; for, had you attempted to read them, you must

have found it absolutely impossible, and would then undoubtedly have put them by. I contrived, indeed, to decipher and comprehend the meaning of your last letter, but with much difficulty. It is excessively confused and crabbed. Who ever saw a 'moamma' in prose? Your spelling is not bad, yet not quite correct. You have written 'iltâfat' with a 'fe' instead of a 'te,' and 'kuling' with a 'be' instead of a 'ka?'. Your letter may, indeed, be read; but, in consequence of the far-fetched words you have employed, the meaning is by no means intelligible. You certainly do not excel in letter-writing, and fail chiefly because you have too great a desire to shew your acquirements. For the future, you should write unaffectedly, with clearness, using plain words, which would cost less trouble both to the writer and reader."

We get many such letters weekly—evidently never read over by their writers, and certainly never by us, not having the industry of the emperor to induce us to try to decipher and comprehend them. Many of them to us appear to be written with "toes" instead of fingers, and a number to belong to the "kaf" literature. These, however, being personal considerations, we say no more, but only add our recommendation of the *Oriental Annual* as an ornament to the class of which it is a handsome 1.

*The Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual, for 1837.* Edited by the Rev. William Ellis. 12mo. pp. 206. London, Fisher, Son, and Co.

WRITTEN in strict and careful conformity to the sentiments and convictions of that large class of Christians in this country, popularly known by the title of "evangelical," the compositions in this volume, although many of them possessed of high literary merit, are somewhat too "serious" for quotation in a light miscellany like ours, which is intended for general, and not for any particular denomination of readers. They are forty-six in number, are both in verse and in prose, and embrace a great variety of subjects; all, however, having, more or less, the tendency to which we have already adverted. The moral of the following singular story is an excellent one; and, whatever may be his creed, must meet with the warm and unqualified approbation of every man of good sense and good feeling.

"*The Emu and the Inkstand.*—It may not be universally known, that the emu is a bird of the giant-class, and remarkable as much for its extreme witlessness, especially in the matter of its food, as for its bulk. In its confined state, at least, it will swallow every thing within reach, without regard to any other circumstance than its capability of entering the stomach; a fact which seems sufficient to account for fable ascribing such amazing powers of digestion to the ostrich—a bird of the same family. Nails, halfpence, and other articles equally contrary, one would think, to the guiding instinct of the creature as to its life, have been found within it, when the causes of its mortal and mysterious illness have been sought after. From this unaccountable characteristic arose a circumstance so interesting and instructive, that it should not, I think, be suffered to descend into oblivion altogether unnoticed, nor without leaving behind it some conspicuous trace of its being. The circumstance alluded to was related by the keeper of an extensive menagerie—a man most of servant of the peculiarities of every animal com mitted to his care. An emu

\* A riddle or charade.

was once brought into his custody, which most unaccountably sickened and died within a few weeks afterwards. Upon opening the body, to his astonishment he found the cause of her malady and death to be a glass inkstand, which was enveloped in the creature's stomach, and which she had previously swallowed. His wonder was now transferred from the cause of her death, to the manner in which she had possessed herself of so deadly a morsel; and to solve this mystery, he inquired of all connected with the menagerie; but none could at all elucidate the matter, and he was constrained to leave it shrouded in conjectural uncertainty. But time, that great revealer of secrets, not long after brought the very captain by whom the emu had been conveyed to the British shores to the keeper's door; and, the conversation turning upon the occasion of their former interview and acquaintance, he was told the circumstances of its death, and subsequent examination; and as the several particulars were related, an unlooked-for surprise and anxiety, accompanied by deep blushes, settled upon his countenance. At the close of the brief narrative, he paused a moment, and then said, 'You will not wonder, Mr. —, that your statement has so affected me, when I tell you that I fear it will too truly explain an event which occurred on my homeward voyage, and which now pains me exceedingly. Yet I would not but have heard that statement for a thousand times the value of the poor bird. Can you shew me the inkstand?' 'Oh, yes!' replied the keeper, as he took it from among similar curiosities on his mantel-shelf, and put it into his hand; 'here it is.' 'This is the very thing,' rejoined the captain; 'this inkstand was on the quarter-deck close by my side, when I last used it, and the hapless emu was within an iron coop not far off. I had occasion to go into my cabin ere I had finished my letter, and, on my return, the inkstand had disappeared. Positive that I had left it on the deck, I made every inquiry, and ordered the strictest search after it, but in vain; none had touched it, none had seen it, nor was it any where to be found. Far from imagining the true cause of my loss, the amount of which I was compelled to estimate not by cost, but the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of then replacing it, I became excessively angry, and at once accused and condemned the poor fellow whom I had left in its neighbourhood, to be flogged for the suspected crime, notwithstanding his solemn protestations of innocence. He bore the grievous infliction with patience; for, though a black, he was, I believe, a Christian. And now, sir, I cannot rest till I have found him out, and made him full reparation.' So saying, the captain took up his hat, and hastily departed, leaving his host and family wondering not more at his recital, than at the power of that principle which drove him so unceremoniously from their company. Reader, where is not the man who has so misjudged, so miscondemned, if not so unjustly punished, his brother? but where is he to be found who is equally prompt to retrace his steps, equally anxious to repair his fault?"

*Flowers of Loveliness. Twelve Designs, by various Artists. With Poetical Illustrations, by Thos. Haynes Bayly, Esq. 4to. London, 1836. Ackermann and Co.*

"METHINKS they do not answer to their name;" for certainly the coarse and the commonplace neither belong to flowers nor to their emblem, woman. We do declare, that we have seen far prettier specimens in real life than in

these pages. No wonder that Haynes Bayly has not been inspired. "The Myrtle" is one of the graceful; and that we gather.

"The Myrtle.  
' Though no word may be spoken,  
My welfare to tell,  
When I send thee a token,  
Decipher it well:  
In my desolate hours  
My solace shall be,  
In the language of flowers  
To whisper to thee.'  
He spoke—and we parted;  
I said not a word;  
For, half broken-hearted,  
His farewell I heard;  
And when I was lonely,  
Sweet tokens he sent,  
For me, and me only,  
To trace their intent.  
I watch'd for their coming:—  
They came—but they brought,  
Though fragrant and blooming,  
No tidings I sought!  
All told me of sorrow,  
Of absence, of pain!  
None whispered, 'To-morrow,  
We meet, Love, again.'  
No flower hath spoken  
Of hope until now!  
How welcome this token,  
The green Myrtle bough!  
No gift could be better:  
Unless he could write,  
Three words in a letter—  
'Expect me to-night.'"

The other subjects lack that simple pathos which is so often the characteristic of Mr. Haynes Bayly's muse; but the faces, in several instances, justify all faults; for, assuredly, "The Flowers of Loveliness" is a complete misnomer.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Oct. 10th.—The first day of Michaelmas Term, the Rev. J. Armstrong, Balliol College, was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 10th.—The first day of Term, the following degrees were conferred:—  
*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. C. B. Elliott, J. Chesdell, Queen's College; A. Ellice, Caius College.  
*Bachelors of Arts*.—C. Fardell, G. Gardiner (compounder), St. John's College; H. J. Jackson, Catharine Hall.

##### THE ABORIGINES OF NORTH AMERICA.\*

WE learn, that a work of great value is now being passed through the American press, entitled, "History of the Indian Tribes of North America, with Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of the Principal Chiefs"—embellished with 120 Portraits, from the Indian Gallery in the Department of War, at Washington. By Thomas L. M'Kenney, late of the Indian Department, Washington, and James Hall, Esq. of Cincinnati."

Of the portraits that are to embellish this work, the public may form a just estimate from the following account given of them by the Hon. James Barbour, late secretary of war for the American government, and afterwards minister to England:

"Barbourville Va. Jan. 26, 1832.

"During my administration of the war department, many tribes of the North American Indians sent deputations of their head men, or chiefs, to Washington, for the purpose of transacting business with the department over which I presided. Colonel M'Kenney, to whom was assigned the bureau of Indian affairs, suggested to me the expediency of procuring the likenesses of some of the most distinguished among this extraordinary race of people. Believing, as I did, that this race was about to become extinct, and that a faithful resemblance

\* This communication, received from America, has arrived very opportunely to form a pendant to our first review of Washington Irving's "Astoria;" we, therefore, insert it as it has come to our hands.—Ed. L. G.

of the most remarkable among them would be full of interest in after times, I cordially approved of the measure. The duty was assigned to Mr. King of Washington, an artist of acknowledged reputation; he executed it with fidelity and success, by producing the most exact resemblances, including the costume of each.

(Signed) "JAMES BARBOUR."

We further learn, that this work will be presented in the course of a few weeks to the British public. We are requested to give this notice as a *guard* against any inferior or catch-penny work, which may, in the interim, be introduced among us.

"City of Philadelphia.

"I, John Swift, Esq. mayor of the city of Philadelphia, do hereby certify, that the foregoing letter, purporting to be signed by James Barbour, is a true copy of one in the possession of Colonel Thomas L. M'Kenney, as certified to by him before me; and I also certify, that I am well acquainted with the said Colonel M'Kenney, and know him to be a gentleman entitled to implicit confidence and respect.

"Witness my hand and the corporate seal of the said city, this nineteenth day of September, A.D. 1836.

(Signed) "JOHN SWIFT, Mayor."

#### FINE ARTS.

##### TRIBUTE TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

ON Thursday, in consequence of a requisition, signed by about 500 eminent and respectable citizens, a meeting took place at the Egyptian Hall, in the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor in the chair, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of raising a statue in honour of his Grace the Duke of Wellington. The meeting was divested of political character by his lordship's introductory speech; and by the speeches of Alderman Brown, Alderman Loinson, Mr. C. Barclay, Mr. R. L. Jones, Alderman Lucas, Mr. Routh, Alderman Sir C. Hunter, Mr. Simpson (the original promoter of the design, we believe) Mr. Burbridge, and Alderman Sir P. Laurie, the individuals who moved and seconded the resolutions. The latter, in a forcible manner, declared the subject of the deserts of the Duke of Wellington to be inexhaustible; but, as the sum of the preceding addresses was condensed in a very striking and elegant speech delivered by the Rev. Dr. Croly, we must, with our limited space, be content to give a tolerably correct report of that powerful effusion, which, like all the proceedings of the day, was received with immense and unanimous applause by a very distinguished assembly of men of high station and influence in the legislature and in the city.

The Rev. Dr. Croly next proposed a vote of thanks to the right hon. the Lord Mayor, for acting as chairman of the meeting. He observed, that, though the final, the most gratifying task had devolved upon him, of expressing what he was sure would be responded to by the universal feeling of the meeting—namely, thanks to the chairman for his able and impartial conduct on this occasion. (Hear.) He (Dr. Croly) had been called on, in moving the last resolution, to give a brief recapitulation of the topics which had been alluded to by those gentlemen who had preceded him. This would seem to strike away all claim on his part to the merit of originality, though, as has been observed by one of the speakers, it must be confessed that the subject was inexhaustible. (Hear, hear.) Yes, the only difficulty was to know where to begin, for the subject was large



as the broadest page of England's glory, and as fresh as her hero's fame. (Applause.) He had never entertained a doubt that the mind of the British public contained genius enough, munificence enough, and patriotism enough, to place the country at least on a level with the highest displays of ability among foreigners, whatever might be its direction. Who could doubt the power of genius in the land of Shakespeare? (Hear.) Who could doubt the munificence of the land which was hourly pouring out its treasures over the remotest regions of the globe, in every illustrious labour of science, humanity, and religion? Who could doubt the zeal of Englishmen for national renown, since their history was but one great record of toils and sacrifices for the national honour? (Hear.) He would go further still: it was his firm conviction that, even in the fine arts, England would not merely rise to the level of the most favoured nations, but that she would rise above them all. He saw her rapid pre-eminence in all the other great pursuits of nations. He saw with what whirlwind speed she distanced all rivalry where the fair field was once opened. He saw the almost creative power of her manufactures; the almost living ingenuity of her mechanism; the absolute sovereignty of her commerce; the unrivalled vigour, eloquence, and freedom of her press; the brilliant superiority of her soldiery; her naval glory—that glory which, like the sun in the miracle of the Jewish leader, still, though its natural day had passed, hung high as ever in the horizon, and still filled the eye with undiminished lustre. (Cheers.) He desired now to see her achieve this last triumph of national glory, from conviction, that for England to try to triumph; that the loftier the tree from which the laurel was to be gathered, the nearer it came within her reach; that she had only to throw the current of her intellectual flame on the most difficult and untractable material, to develop new combinations of wealth and wonder. He would go further, and say, that to her difficulty was essential to call out all her zeal of mastery; that it was with her an element of production; that, like the great Egyptian river, as if disdaining the shaded and the fertile, it was her natural impulse to project her stream through the desert, and enrich the sense with luxuriance new to mankind. He should rejoice to find that this day was the beginning of a new career; and that this meeting should prove the germ of some vast, regular, and continued tribute from every individual of the empire—the laying of the first stone of some great institute for the ornament, not only of the metropolis, but of every city of England, and of all her colonies and dependencies. (Hear.) When they reflected upon what was accomplished by the little Italian republics of the middle ages, though fevered with political disease, and flung into the grave ere they had reached maturity; and by France within a single reign, the distracted dominion of Louis XIV., a rapid voluptuary, with his court the toy of monks and mistresses, and his kingdom ploughed by the cannon of Europe: what might they not expect to be done by England, powerful, peaceful, opulent, and patriotic as she was, containing boundless resources, and a population the most vigorous, deep-thinking, sensitive, and strong-minded, in the world? (Hear.) If their fathers had fought their battles for them, let them shew themselves at least not indifferent to their fame; if they had borne the tug of war, let them not their sons be slow to erect the trophy. "Whatever," had said a great moralist, "makes the past or the future predominate

over the present, exalts us in the scale of thinking beings." It was necessary for their own vindication, to shew that the pursuits of commercial life were not incompatible with that elevation of mind; that the life of citizens was not essentially selfish; that all gain was not of necessity sordid; that the men of a land whose merchants were princes, could exhibit the spirit of princes in the noblest intellectual exercises of man. They owed something of this to the memory of those ancestors who staked their lives in the championship of the church and constitution. (Cheers.) It was not less a duty than an honour to exalt them high in the estimation of the people. They owed something of this, too, to the rising generation, who should be taught to what heights of excellence to aspire; whose eyes should be pointed in the public ways to the very forms and features of those men whose names were crowned with national honour, that they might behold both the realisation and the reward of virtue. (Hear.) With regard to the Duke of Wellington, he would restrict himself to the rule laid down. This was a meeting entirely divested of all party politics. (Hear, hear.) He would leave it to public men to dwell on the ministerial career of the Duke of Wellington; he would leave it to the soldier to enter into the details of his campaigns: he regarded him in a higher point of view than as either minister or soldier. (Hear, hear.) He looked upon that great man as scarcely less than a direct instrument of Providence, which, when the time of European renovation was about to draw near, selected an instrument endowed with unrivalled energy and capacity to accomplish the mighty work before him. (Hear.) Was that language exaggerated? It would not appear so if they looked to what he had to do, and what he had done. (Hear.) When the future historian should trace the fortunes of our eventful times, he would fix on the year 1809 as the critical period when Europe was on the brink of ruin. Looking to the north, all resistance seemed vain—all its kingdoms were paralysed. Prussia lay pinned to the ground by the spear of Napoleon. The minor sovereignties crouched at his feet, begging for mercy. Austria was tortured into a wild resistance, only to have the sword driven deeper into her bosom. Russia was a fugitive, dragging after her into her deserts the chains of an ignominious treaty. But in the south, the most boundless and bloody devastation was let loose. The Peninsula was the seat of massacre; even the insurrection that was begun in despair, was extinguished by despair: thrones were vacated, and their occupants either fugitives or captives. A French army occupied the fortresses and the passes, and French viceroys ruled in Madrid and Lisbon. A British army, under most gallant officers, was forced for a time to abandon the struggle, but eventually retrieved its honour by one of those heroic displays which never fail the British soldier. But observe the change which occurred within five short years. The governments of Spain and Portugal were restored; the French army was dispersed before the force led on by a British officer, who swept all before him, from the sea to the mountains, and crowned the ridge of the Pyrenees with the camp-fires of 120,000 men—a beacon to Europe, turning every pinnacle into a volcano, and pouring down upon France a flood of fire and steel. Who was the leader that summoned and trained those forces to war and to victory? Wellington! (Cheers.) He knew the gallantry of the British officers and soldiers; but he knew, also, that the British army, as with the voice

of one man, attributed those glorious results to the genius of Wellington. (Hear, hear.) How could they sufficiently appreciate the qualities of a chieftain who, throughout a life of war, had never suffered a reverse; who broke down in succession the military fame of every man who opposed him; to swell whose renown the French republic seemed to have called its fiery spirits from the depths of revolution, and Napoleon to have covered their heads with laurels plucked in every field of Europe? How could they sufficiently estimate the skill and courage of a warrior who never retreated but to exhibit the most consummate superiority in science, and who never advanced but to the most complete victory? (Cheers.) But there was one triumph more, that seemed to have been reserved as if to reward this warrior for his long labours in the cause of mankind—Waterloo! (Cheers.) In that field, less of the sword than of the sceptre—less of the battle of armies than of the strife of empires—less of two mighty warriors than of the rival glories of England and France, set upon the die; there he met and overthrew Napoleon, and restored peace to the world. It was to that man they had met to raise a statue to record his deeds and prolong his renown. (Cheers.)

Mr. Farncombe seconded the motion, and put the question, which was carried by acclamation.

The Lord Mayor appropriately acknowledged the compliment carried by acclamation; and, before the meeting separated, above 1000. were subscribed.

#### NOVEL APPLICATION OF THE ART OF PRINTING.

WE have before us three specimens of the illustrations of a new Annual, which will soon make its appearance, under the title of "The Pictorial Album." The publishers proceed on the principle of giving, in lieu of the customary engravings, richly coloured *fac-similes* of original paintings, effected by a novel mode of printing in oil-colours. Several attempts of this kind have been formerly made, but none that, in our opinion, approached these specimens in beauty and splendour.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Gems of Beauty.* From Designs by E. T. Parris. Longman and Co.

TALK of *Rundell and Bridge*, or *Kitching!* What are all the gems in or out of Golconda, to the *Gems of Beauty*? Mr. Parris has really outdone himself in the designs which he has made for this elegant work. We have always given him credit for great taste and grace; but he has here displayed a variety, both in character and in composition, of which we were not before certain that he was capable. They sparkle as brilliantly as the precious stones of which they are the emblems; and have a sentiment and refinement entirely their own. Every design consists of a little interesting female group; illustrating some sprightly or melancholy idea. Our favourites are: "The Diamond,"—a lovely mother, whose no less lovely daughters are decorating her with bracelets; "The Opal,"—a touching representation of maternal affection and tenderness; "The Pearl,"—a sweet girl preparing for the bath; the dazzling fairness of whose complexion is well contrasted by the swarthy of her hand-maid; "The Topaz,"—love and vigilance, youth and age; "The Sardonyx,"—a noble Roman matron, and her "peerless child;" and "The Aquamarine,"—two graceful and bewitching creatures gazing from a Venetian

balcony on an approaching gondola. Nothing can surpass the exquisite finish of the plates. They are engraved by Messrs. Cooke, Holl, Mote, Robinson, and Thomson.

*Illustrations to Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1837.* Longman and Co.

THESE Illustrations are exclusively from the pencils of Mr. M'Clise and Mr. Creswick; and it would be difficult to select two young artists, in their respective departments, of greater talent, or more rapidly rising character. It is true, we have to lament that, of the twenty, only two are by Mr. M'Clise; but then we are consoled by the consideration that eighteen are by Mr. Creswick. Of Mr. M'Clise's subjects,—"The Irish Hood," and "The Jew's Harp,"—the former is decidedly our favourite. It is exceedingly graceful and picturesque; and the light and shade are broad, and skilfully managed. Mr. Creswick's views (executed after the fashion of vignettes) are all beautiful. While looking at them, we feel impressed with the correctness of Mr. Ritchie's declaration,—"In the drawings of my able coadjutor, there is a union of the poetical and the true, which only they who know the spots he has selected can properly appreciate. We would point out, "Lighthouse at Howth;" "Sackville Street, Dublin;" "Four Courts;" "Enniskerry;" "Luggelaw;" "Meeting of the Waters;" "Lismore Castle;" "Black Rock Castle;" "Cove, near Cork;" and "Kilkenny Castle," as among the most striking. To the engravers, Messrs. Brandard, Fisher, Griffith, Radcliffe, Wallis, and Willmore, Mr. Creswick must feel deeply indebted for the exquisite manner in which they have translated his scenes into their art.

*Twenty-two Illustrations to the Oriental Annual for 1837.* From Drawings by William Daniell, R.A. Tilt.

MR. DANIELL'S Oriental stores seem to be inexhaustible. Eastern landscape, Eastern architecture, Eastern animals, Eastern character, Eastern costume, Eastern manners, are as faithfully and as spiritedly portrayed in these Illustrations, as in any which have appeared in former volumes of the Annual of which they are the elegant embellishments. "The Palace at Windechy, Bootan," "Shah Ichanabad," "Near Buxaduwar, Bootan," "Mausoleum of Toglok Shah," "The North Gate, Old Delhi," "Palace at Tassindon, Bootan," "Bridge at Old Delhi," "Patan Tomb at Toglokabad, Old Delhi," "Cafta Castle, Bootan," and "State Prison at Delhi" (the last under a fine effect of moonlight), are all striking exhibitions of the peculiar style of the buildings of India. "View near Wandepore," "The Bore rushing up the Hooghly," and "Crossing a Torrent in Bootan" (an exploit apparently as hazardous as that of Mr. Brunel in crossing the Avon, suspended to a thin iron bar), give an excellent idea of the romantic scenery of the country. Of the animals, the "Alligator and Bullock," and "The hunting Cheetha," convey a lively impression. The droll "Mahomedan Fakere," the pious "Mahomedan at Prayers," the dignified "Sultan Baber," and the animated "Mogul Trooper" (whose horse is in a position similar to that of the statue of George III., in Pall Mall East), represent the personal appearance, dress, and equipment of different ranks of Indian society. The plates are all admirably engraved by Messrs. Allen, Armytage, Bourne, Brandard, Cochran, Cook, Cousin, Garner, Higham, Redaway, and Stephenson.

*Illustrations to the Christian Keepsake for 1837.* Fisher, Son, and Co.

Or these Illustrations, sixteen in number, which, without making any pretension to the character of high art, are, nevertheless, very respectably executed, our favourites are, "Feast of the Mohurram," engraved by F. W. Topham, from a drawing by H. Melville; "The Mountains of Aboo, in Guzerat," engraved by E. Benjamin, from a drawing by H. Melville; "The Dome at Worms," engraved by W. Wallis, from a drawing by S. Prout; "Rhodes," engraved by D. Buckle, from a drawing by J. Salmon; "The Caffre Chief, Jan Tzatzoe," engraved by W. Holl, from a picture by H. Room; "Marina Malta," engraved by W. Finden, from a drawing by S. Prout; and "Basle," engraved by J. Sands, from a drawing by S. Prout.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FUNERAL OF MADAME MALIBRAN.

Manchester Collegiate Church, Oct. 1, 1836.

ALL dim and dreary rose the day—the clouds,  
In funeral gloom,  
Hung black and heavy o'er the path that led  
Thee to thy tomb!  
And, like the echo of each heart, the burial  
Knell swept on—  
Which told, youth, beauty, genius, there, for  
Evermore were gone!  
So late the magnet of each gaze, the praise of  
Every tongue,  
With all thy poetry of soul—thine eloquence  
Since last thy gifted voice we heard, how few  
Brief days have sped!  
We saw thee radiant in each charm—we look  
Upon thee dead.

The sear leaves strew the forest track, the  
Flowers fade 'neath the blast,  
But Nature mourns her loveliest flower, in thee  
For ever pass'd:  
The music of her thousand streams—her star-  
Awak'ning lute—  
Unheard may breathe her sweetest song—  
Her richest voice is mute!  
And, can it be, or is't some dream, from which  
I fain would wake?  
Some dark delusion of the mind, the morning  
Yet may break?  
Ah! never sun for thee may rise, nor light  
Avail to save;  
Morn's sorrowing beams but follow slow and  
Silent to thy grave.  
Thy soul, that fount of tenderness, the generous  
And dear,  
Which never tale of sorrow heard without the  
Wish to cheer;  
Thy heart, to every talent warm, to every grace  
Ne'er did it grieve a single breast until the  
Hour it died!  
No more Fidelio's tragic woes may touch our  
After years—  
Thy Julietta win each sense 'mid witching  
Smiles and tears;  
No more Medea thrill the frame with love's  
Own depth and dread,  
Amina's reign of beauty's o'er—Artois' sweet  
Maid is dead!  
Thou nightingale of nations—thou, whose  
Triumphs, sounding wide,  
Bade list'ning kings enraptur'd laud, led  
Princes to thy side:  
Thou, crowned of song, whose regal sway all  
Melody obey'd,  
Where are victorious chaplets now for thee  
In death array'd?

By stranger hands thy head was laid within  
The mournful earth;  
For he who should have loved thee most, as  
Best he knew thy worth,  
Who should have watch'd thy latest sigh, have  
Wept thy parting breath;  
Oh! nor resign'd thee to the grave, without  
A pang like death—  
A sorrow that no future years might change or  
Chase away;  
A grief that should have felt thy loss as of  
The light of day;  
A breast where memory should have rear'd  
Thy monument of love,  
So pure—thy spirit might have come and bless'd  
Him from above!  
He—oh! to leave to other hands thy pale  
And lovely corse;  
To quit thee!—never had I left by any  
Earthly force.  
But not unmoved—unmournful—swept thy  
Funeral train along—  
Hearts rose responsive to thy fame, thy genius,  
And thy wrong.  
They laid thee, not unwept, beneath the chan-  
cel's sacred pile,  
Whilst deep the wailing organ peal'd from  
Cloister'd aisle to aisle;  
They saw thee take thy final rest—the dark  
Dust round thee frown;  
Then left thee with thy solitude, thy glory,  
And renown.  
And higher feelings held their way afar from  
Pall or shroud,  
Above an earthly sun or star, beyond the closing  
Where soft thy gentle spirit soars where angel  
Feet have trod,  
Before the soul's eternal shrine—the everlasting  
God! C. SWAIN.

DRAMA.

*Drury Lane.*—On Monday, Mr. Edwin Forrest, an American actor, made his first appearance before an English audience. It is stated, that the theatre has been hired at the rate of 200*l.* per night, for three nights weekly, for his performances; so that they are a sort of co-partnership with the general management, though not allied to its chances or mischances. In his farewell address at New York, Mr. Forrest intimated that he was about to test English feelings, and to ascertain whether the British public would be as liberal towards Americans, as the people of the United States were to British performers. This seemed to us to be a false position; since the reception, in either country, ought not to depend on nationalities, but on the individual merits of the candidates. In this respect, however, and the true and just criterion, Mr. Forrest has nothing to fear. He is tall and stout, but remarkably well made, with every physical recommendation; and the character chosen for his *début* is well adapted to shew these qualifications to advantage: it is called the *Gladiator*, and is from the pen of Dr. Bird, likewise an American, and written forcibly, perhaps coarsely, rather than beautifully. The author, in his anxiety to make his hero very prominent, has thrown all his inferior characters too much into the shade, leaving a vacuum whenever *Spartacus* (the *Gladiator*) is behind the scenes. Mr. Forrest has every reason to be satisfied with his reception, which was extremely flattering, from a very full house; or, as the bills give it, "his first appearance (before one of the most crowded audiences ever assembled in this theatre)," per *parenthese*, "national," nearly drew down the

roof, and established Mr. Forrest in public favour as "one of the greatest actors that has ever graced an English theatre."

On Wednesday, the part was repeated to a middling house, and we were enabled to form a more correct idea of Mr. Forrest's talents than on a first night, at least, in so far as the drama permitted. *Spartacus* is so entirely the *Gladiator*, that high melo-dramatic powers, rather than high tragic genius, are necessary for its personation. Boisterous passion, the appearance and gesticulation of an *athlete*, and an acquaintance with stage effects, will, at any time, make a hit in the character. But Mr. Forrest indicates the possession of superior qualities, which, when we have seen him in a better play, we shall be able to appreciate. His judgment was not run away with in this part, which we consider an excellent sign: for, if any temptation could lead a rattlepole to tear every thing to rags and tatters, there is abundance of temptation in the Roman slave.

On Thursday, a thing in three acts, called the *Duchess of Ormond*, was done here; but is announced to be repeated, we fancy, by a mistake of the bills. The other entertainments are the worn-out hacks of the past season, wretchedly got up, and wretchedly attended. The humbug is almost over. Turn we to

Covent Garden, where Macready and Charles Kemble have been drawing overflows to *King John*. *King John* is certainly one of Mr. Macready's most splendid productions, and the *Falconbridge* of Mr. Charles Kemble is too, alas!—too well known to need comment. Miss H. Faucit, though she looks it not, acts *Lady Constance* with great effect. On other evenings we have had *Werner*, *Ion*, Macready in both; and good sterling plays, with Farren, Vandenhoff, G. Bennett, Webster, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Garrick, &c. &c. &c. Mr. Osbaldeston has made many and decided improvements in his company this season, and deserves the success he is evidently reaping from really good houses. It is impossible, indeed, that, with such a company, and at low prices, this theatre should not have, as it has, carried the town along with it, and smothered a rival with nothing to support it but braggadocio and trick, the weakest corps ever seen in our times at one of the great houses, and every person and matter of respectability banished from its sphere. Last night the cast of *Othello* at Covent Garden reminded us of the bypast and palmy period of the London stage. *The Chimney-piece*, a lively farce, with Farren, Webster, Tilbury, Miss Pelham, and Miss Vincent, is among the minor successful novelties. *The Hindoo Robbers* is chiefly laudable for its scenery, and the dogs turned into leopards.

*Adelphi*.—*Sir Roger de Coverley* attracts nightly crowds to this theatre; and sure we are that every body who loves dramatic entertainment ought to be a spectator of the *Spectator* of O. Smith. It is unique. Reeve is richer than ever; his *Unfinished Gentleman*, one of the most finished performances on the stage; and the variety of quaint humour in Buckstone and Wilkinson, render the pieces here irresistibly laughable. Mrs. Yates needs but to have her name mentioned; and Mrs. Stirling improves much upon more familiar acquaintance.

*The English Opera*.—Hither Miss P. Horton has returned for a short period, previous to her *début* on the Edinburgh stage, where her versatile talents and dramatic excellences will, we doubt not, be duly appreciated by the critical and able judges of the Modern Athens. *Appropos*, they enjoyed a treat last week, which we wish we could taste in London. Mr. Murray

performed *Falstaff* for his own benefit, and the immense gratification of a crammed theatre. It was altogether admirably executed; but parts, such as his apostrophising of his ragged regiment, quite exquisite.

*Olympic*.—A new burletta, on Thursday, called *A Pleasant Neighbour*, added to the diversified attractions of this popular theatre. It contrasts a poor cobbler and his wife, happy in poverty, with a rich man and his lady, miserable in the midst of wealth. The cobbler (Liston) is almost ruined by a gift of 20l. from the latter; but, in the end, returns the bane, and becomes fortunately and merrily one of the lowest of the depressed again. It was well acted, and perfectly successful.

*St. James's*.—Braham (it is most gratifying to write his name after recovering from a severe illness) has appeared as *Tom Tug*; and we have been delighted to listen to his matchless voice again. When shall our school boast his equal? *The Miser's Daughter*, by Dr. Millingen, strangled on the second night by the management of Drury Lane, though supported by Farren and Ellen Tree, has been produced here, and been warmly received; the two prominent characters well acted by Strickland and Miss Allison.

#### VARIETIES.

*Euphrates Expedition*.—Colonel Chesney, it is stated, has arrived at Bussorah: in our next Number we trust to have further information respecting this interesting expedition; of the finally great national results of which, if judiciously and spiritedly followed up, we cannot entertain a doubt.—*Ed. L. G.*

*Dr. W. Marsden*.—The newspapers announce the death of this distinguished oriental scholar, at the advanced age of eighty-two. The particulars of his munificent donation of a splendid library to the King's College were given in the *Literary Gazette* of (we think) last year. It will long form one of the most valuable literary treasures of that institution.

*Malibran*.—A whole-length portrait, lithographed and coloured, has just appeared (Hodgson and Graves) of this accomplished artiste in the prison scene of *Fidelio*. It is drawn from the life by Absolon, and seems to be intended as the first of a series of theatrical prints. The house in which Malibran died at Manchester has, we are told, become quite a place of resort for the curious; and Mrs. Richardson, the landlady, is making a fortune by shewing it to visitors, and detailing all the incidents of the fatal catastrophe, illustrated by pointing out the precise spots where they occurred.

*The Literary Gazette*.—The lightness and variety of our present Numbers may contrast with the scientific masses of the preceding two months. It is thus that publications of the kind reflect the passing literature of the day, exactly as it rises on the sight, and as it too frequently disappears.

*Word misapplied* (?).—A perriwigged fellow lately preached a ranting discourse, full of nonsense, to the small edification of his audience. "Who is the parson?" asked one of his hearers of an old lady, who had been equally a sufferer. "I don't know," she answered; "but he is one of the missionaries for the propagation of the Gospel, and he seems to be a master in his way." The good soul meant propagation!

*The Doctor*, No. 1, New Series.—There ought to be new diseases to have new doctors. The present publication resembles its precursor. Among other matters, it refers to the

homeopathic murder of poor Malibran, and the shameful desertion of her remains.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Hood, as usual, has announced his forthcoming "Comic Annual" with "infinite humour," by a *Protocol*, addressed to his publishers, in which he says:—"Politics are undeniably the standing orders of the time; but possibly the standing orders may now signify those classes who keep on their legs in the presence of the privileged or sitting orders—I mean to say, that politics are become, like Boniface's ale in the *Bonus Stratagem*, meat and drink, and every thing. We eat politics in white-bait dinners, and quaff and sing them afterwards with hip, hip, hurra and Haves. We dance politics—take hands, cast off, change sides, and some anti-ministerialists call loudly for a new set! We wear politics—*a. g.* white hats. We marry politics, and dissenters at the same time. We baptize with politics—or, at least, call names. We wash our faces with politics—soap versus newspapers—and warm ourselves at them, in the shape of cheap Durham coal. We even laugh and groan politics, and cough them, in the common; and doubtless that will be introduced by us into sterneration, like a certain German patriot, who cannot sneeze without saying 'Pr-r-r-russia!' Politics are part of our foreign and domestic cookery—we roast with them, fry, stew, broil, boil, and too often boil over with them; we curry and devil with them; some persons cook a fine kettle of fish with them. Turkey is larded with politics, and they are potted in Greece. Philosophy has caught the influenza—the whole Seven Sages are rolled into one, and he is—*Bias*. Such is the spirit of our age—the ticks of Time's clock are politics, nay, it would not astonish me to see even the lady-like 'Book of Beauty' exhibiting its fascinating figures all drawn on one side. It becomes a serious question.—Ought not 'The Comic' to have its barrel adapted as a political organ; and should not its editor, heretofore only a *mercy-thought*, become a *sideman*? 'The Comic Annual' itself shall answer the question."

In the Press.

Paynell; or, the Disappointed Man.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.  
SIR,—I think you would not have appended the note you have done to your review of Wordsworth's "Athens and Attica," in last Saturday's *Gazette*, had you given the subject a moment's consideration. Instead of lamenting that the governors of Harrow School should seek a stranger for their head master, do you not perceive the very great advantages to be derived from the widest interchange amongst the great schools of the country? whilst, on the other hand, the danger of that establishment remaining behind in improvements which should elect none but its own members for its conductors? I might remark further; but this alone will, I trust, reconcile you to the result, that Winchester has chosen Mr. Wordsworth, of the Harrow School, whilst Harrow has elected his brother of Winchester College.

October 11, 1836. ST. FORTUNA DONUS.  
Our single, but decided objection to S. L.'s fine lines, is, that we avoid all subjects which would expose us to be asked for similar insertions in compliance to individual merits.

To U. T. the same reply must be given.  
Lines addressed to a child must, as far as we are concerned, be still-born.  
I declined with thanks; ditto, S. T. U.  
We cannot answer Modestia without seeing what he mentions.



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Agent for Paris, G. W. M. Reynolds, Librairie des Etrangers, 55 Rue Neuve, St. Augustin.